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THE MINTONS, OF STOKE-UPON-TRENT.

THE group of towns which form the district known as "The Potteries," presents no more interesting feature than the works of the Mintons, at Stoke-upon-Trent, which are of vast extent, and have a history that carries us back to the early years of the Ceramic manufacture in this country. The name of Minton has been prominent in the annals of Stoke-upon-Trent since the concluding decade of the last century, when the making of pots was much less of an art than it is to-day, and as far as regarded the cheaper specimens of pottery little had been done to combine the beautiful with the useful. Josiah Wedgwood, at the neighbouring town of Burslem, had, it is true, brought to bear upon the potter's art an amount of energy and genius which had yielded brilliant results, and given an impetus to the trade that put all previous efforts into the shade, but there was yet a great deal to be done before the manufacture could take rank as one of the important industries of England. For centuries the potters of the Continent had been famed for the choice works of art which they had produced from the clay, but it was not until Wedgwood came upon the scene, and by his inventive ability and classic taste established a reputation for a special ware, that Staffordshire was able to compete at all with foreign nations in the more artistic branches of the potter's craft. Rude samples of dishes and plaques had been made in the locality before then by Thomas Sens, Thomas Toft, and William Taylor, of Burslem; but Wedgwood's "first teapot," a vessel moulded in the ordinary ochreous clay of the district, and decorated with a few twining leaves in coloured-relief, was as distinct an advance upon the work of these early potters as Wedgwood's own special classical ware—the ware by which his name became famous, and which is now so precious in the eyes of collectors—was to his "first teapot." When Wedgwood began his career, indeed, English potters were in a bad way; they had reduced their trade to a very low ebb by competing with each other in cheapness of production instead of in artistic excellence, and the markets had,

as a consequence, become glutted with inferior articles. Josiah Wedgwood was the pioneer and hero of the Staffordshire renaissance which followed; he set to work on entirely new lines, and by putting himself in rivalry with the higher workers in the art soon raised the native manufacture to a position of importance that could stand comparisons with the art potteries of France and Germany. It was in 1754 that Wedgwood first embarked in business at Stoke, as a manufacturer of spoons, knife-handles, table and other plates, and sundry "small crocks," some of which articles were made in imitation of agate, tortoise-shell, jasper, and porphyry, in partnership with a Mr. Whieldon; but the latter had such small confidence in the new-fangled ideas which emanated from Wedgwood's busy brain that it was not long before the connection was dissolved, and Wedgwood returned to Burslem, and, in a small thatched factory erected upon the site now occupied by the market-house, began the making of ornamental ware of an improved description, which soon attracted attention, and procured for him an order for a complete table-service for Queen Charlotte and the appointment of "Potter to the Queen."

Thomas Minton, the founder of the firm which forms the subject of our present paper, was born at Wyll Cop, in Shropshire, in the year 1765. Wedgwood had then been established in business several years, and the pottery trade of Great Britain was fast rising into prominence and showing signs of a vigorous vitality. Thomas Minton, who was educated at the Shrewsbury Grammar School, was apprenticed to an engraver at the Caughley China Works, Broseley, on quitting school, and was thus drawn into direct contact with the ceramic manufacture, and gained an experience and a knowledge which stood him in good stead in after years. On the expiration of the term of his apprenticeship he remained on at the Caughley works, and continued there in the capacity of engraver for some years. He was of a plodding and careful disposition, and contrived, as time went on, to save a little money, all the while harbouring the notion of one day applying it to the purpose of establishing himself in business on his own account. The opportunity, however, was somewhat slow in coming, for we find him sticking to his engraving business for a considerable period after he had served his time at the Caughley works. He was always ambitious, and occupied his mind largely with plans for improving his position. He tried London for a while as a field of operation, and worked there for the well-known Josiah Spode, acquiring further experience in his own particular business, but by no means satisfying his aspirations. Staffordshire seemed still to possess his heart, for it was in the pottery work in which he had made his first contact with the industrial world that he saw greater possibilities even than were opened before him in the vast world of London. It was in London that he found a wife, however, but it was not there that he resolved to settle down with

her, for not long after his marriage he left the service of Mr. Spode and returned to Staffordshire. This was in 1789, when the first outbreak of the revolutionary flame in France was spreading alarm far and wide. Thomas Minton did not trouble himself much with these things, but in his quiet, steadfast way resumed his labours as an engraver at Stoke-upon-Trent; but this time it was on his own account, and not as the servant of another. He prospered fairly well, and saved more money, and in 1793 there came that tide in his affairs which he had the good sense to avail himself of, and which, as was afterwards amply proved, "led on to fortune." He purchased a small plot of land and built a modest factory upon it, and in this building started the manufacture of earthenware. The structure comprised one "bisque" and one "glost" oven, with a slip house for preparing the clay, and only such other buildings and appliances as were necessary for the carrying on of an unambitious business. Thomas Minton believed in "beginning at the beginning," not in making a starting leap for the higher positions and coming to the ground broken and humiliated. He had seen too many of these mistakes made to have any desire to imitate them. He did not aim at being another Wedgwood, but he did aim at turning out good, serviceable, well-made articles, and this he accomplished so satisfactorily to himself and the public that the name of Minton soon grew to be of significance in the trade. So matters went on steadily and prosperously for a number of years, and Thomas Minton established a business which yielded him a good profit and an assured position.

In 1806, Thomas Minton's second son, Herbert, then only fourteen years of age, was brought into the business, and, with an ability far beyond his years, took an active part in the working of the concern. After two years passed in obtaining a knowledge of the various operations connected with the manufacture, Herbert Minton, at the age of sixteen, was sent out as a traveller, and represented the firm both in London and the provinces, showing so much energy and ability that he worked up a connection which had the effect of largely increasing the business of the firm. It was now that Thomas Minton found it expedient to make new departures in the processes of manufacture, as well as to extend his workshops, for the new force which his son had introduced into the firm brought them not only abreast with the times in the potters' art, but rendered it necessary for them to take upon themselves the work of leading the public taste. For this purpose they employed the best skill that they could command, and on the suggestion of Herbert Minton, who went out into the world and noted every detail of the progress that was being made in the ceramic manufacture, they effected many improvements. The making of semi-transparent porcelain was undertaken by the firm in 1821, and a few years afterwards they added the manufacture of china to the branches of business carried on by them,

many of the most skilful artists from the famous works at Derby being engaged by Mr. Herbert Minton to instruct his workpeople in the making of what to them was a new ware.

Thomas Minton died in 1836, and Herbert Minton, who had temporarily retired from the firm in 1828, took up the business with all his old energy, Mr. John Boyle being associated with him in the partnership, and afterwards Mr. Hollins. In 1842 the reconstituted firm added Parian ware to their manufactures, and in 1849, Mr. Minton, with the assistance of Mr. Arnoux, the art director of Minton's, succeeded in making a hard porcelain which was pronounced to be superior to that of Meissen or Berlin. They were for ever on the alert for novelties, and imported into their business an amount of inventive skill which enabled them in certain special departments to out-distance all rivals. In 1849, while Mr. Herbert Minton was at Rouen, his attention was attracted by some common flower pots, with a green opaque glaze, which seemed to him capable of being improved upon. To begin with, the material was very different from the ordinary earthenware pots made in England, and although altogether wanting in fineness and finish, suggested fresh possibilities to Mr. Minton's active brain, and set him thinking how this rough material could be utilized and refined into something in which the original features should be preserved while a new artistic element should be added to give force, form, beauty, and consistency to the whole. He returned home full of his discovery, which he explained with all due elaboration and clearness to Mr. Arnoux, and requested that gentleman to carry out the ideas he had propounded. Mr. Arnoux, infected with the earnestness and zeal of his employer, set about the task with great energy, with the result that, after a series of experiments extending over a period of several months, a beautiful ware was produced to which the name of English Majolica was given. This was a great surprise to the pottery world, and made something of a sensation. The first specimens of the ware which Mintons manufactured were in the shape of handsome vases, and in the great Exhibition of 1851 they exhibited a number of these as a trophy, gaining for them universal admiration. The Princess of Prussia, now Empress of Germany, bought the entire collection immediately after the opening of the Exhibition, and orders for reproductions crowded in upon the firm thick and fast. For a time English Majolica was the rage; it became the fashion, and once again there was a distinct stride effected in the making of picturesque and artistic pottery in this country. The firm found it necessary to establish a special department for the manufacture of the new ware, and from that time to this the demand for it has continued in an ever-increasing degree. Time was when Wedgwood had secured the services of some of the great artists of his day in making designs for him—John Bacon and John Flaxman amongst them—and now

Messrs. Minton called in to their aid the best artists of their time, and Marochetti, Carrier, Jeannest, and others gave them a series of designs which were reproduced with great fidelity and served to make English Majolica famous. At the Paris Exhibition of 1855 the show of this ware made by Mintons was one of the most admired displays in the entire collection, and the beautiful objects of art there gathered together, as representing the celebrated Staffordshire firm, were eagerly bought up, amateurs offering large prices to secure the coveted objects. The ordeal of trial had now been safely passed, and wherever artistic pottery was to be found the English Majolica manufactured by Messrs. Minton made its way and held its own.

It may not be out of place, seeing the importance of this ware and the development of which it has been the result, to describe in what particulars it differs from the French and Italian Majolica. A calcareous clay, containing large quantities of carbonate of lime, which requires very gentle heat, is used in the manufacture of the French and Italian wares; but there is no geological formation in this country in which such clay is to be met with; consequently, Mintons had to set to work to find materials that would yield the best possible substitute for it. This they discovered in the marl which is found in abundance in certain coal measures, alternating with layers of coal and ironstone. When deprived of the ironstone, it fires to a light buff colour, and is of great density. It stands the frost and resists breakage better than any other ware. The characteristic of Mintons' Majolica is the opacity of the enamel laid on the surface. If the coloured glaze had been transparent the ware would have looked like Palissy ware, or the English tortoise-shell ware, and there would have been no novelty. The process consequently consists in employing hard coloured enamels, sufficiently opaque to hide the coloured body on which they are laid. Blue, turquoise, green, white, and all kinds of enamels are then prepared and melted, then ground finely in water and applied with the brush to a good thickness on the biscuit of the ware, care being taken to change the enamel according to the requirements of the decorator. When the pieces are coated all over and dried, the colours adhere to the surface, but they are powdery and could be easily brushed off. The firing causes them to melt on the surface of the ware, and to come out with all their depth and vigour. Many difficulties had to be surmounted before the various processes necessary to the successful production of this ware could be properly adjusted. The old Italian ovens, which were fired with wood, were found too expensive, so very large kilns were adopted, of the form of a horizontal cylinder, in which the ware was arranged on fire-clay shelves so as to have plenty of air around them. The flame circulates in such a way that no portion of it, or any smoke, comes in contact with the pieces.

Referring once more to the *personnel* of the firm, it should be stated that in 1849, Mr. Colin Minton Campbell, a nephew of Mr. Minton's, became a member of the partnership, and in the able and energetic manner in which he assisted the concern, proved himself to be possessed of no small share of the business capacity, skill, and shrewdness of the founder of the firm, and of his son Herbert. The latter died in 1858, after which the chief duties connected with the management and control of this extensive business devolved upon Mr. Colin Minton Campbell. Until 1868 the partners were Mr. Campbell and Mr. Hollins, and then Mr. Hollins retired. Mr. Campbell was now joined by his cousins, Mr. Thomas Minton and Mr. Herbert Minton, great-grandsons of the founder of the firm, and these three gentlemen constituted the partnership from that time down to the year 1883, when the undertaking was converted into a limited liability company under the title of "Mintons, Limited." All the three partners took up positions on the directorate of the new company—Mr. Colin Minton Campbell as an honorary director, Mr. Thomas Minton as chairman, and Mr. Herbert Minton as one of the managing directors; Mr. Herbert Minton Robinson, who also acts as secretary, being another. Mr. Colin Minton Campbell died on the 8th February, 1885.

The achievements of the several talented and energetic gentlemen who have had the building up of the fame and prosperity of this notable firm of potters will perhaps be best understood and realized by a description of the works as they at present stand. In private life these eminent workers in clay have won in a large measure the respect, esteem, and affection of those by whom they have been best known; their public record comprises many honourable incidents in which their largeness of heart and clearness of head have been strongly manifested; but, above and beyond everything else, they have been men of business, whose hearts and souls have been centred in the interesting work upon which it has been their happiness to be engaged, and it is in that business, in the condition in which it exists to-day—developed and perfected by their abilities—that we find the completest reflex of their lives and characters.

Before attacking the processes of manufacture it will be advisable, in the interest of the uninitiated, to say something concerning the raw materials upon which the various operations have to be brought to bear. Clay is, of course, the material which forms the foundation of all articles of pottery, whether made at Mintons' or elsewhere, whether in Great Britain, by the highest skill that money can command or in New Mexico, by the rude intelligence of the Red Indian, who probably are no further advanced in the ceramic art than were their forefathers of a period anterior to the discovery of the American continent by Columbus. Unfortunately for Staffordshire, the clay necessary

for the production of the finer kinds of pottery is not indigenous to the locality. The only clay that the soil of Staffordshire yields is a coarse kind, fitted but for the making of common ware and seggars; the potters of Stoke-upon-Trent have therefore to import all their finer clays from a distance. Some 16,000 tons of Cornish clay, mostly from the neighbourhood of St. Austell, are used every year in the Staffordshire potteries. This Cornish clay—or china clay, as it is called—is composed of silica and alumina, in about the proportions of forty of alumina and sixty of silica. Then there is blue clay, which comes from Poole, in Dorsetshire, and is of a greyish colour, but turns perfectly white when fired. This clay is less liable to crack than any other, and is used for the purpose of giving a certain solidity to the body. Its components are the same as those of china clay, only that the alumina is not present in quite so large a proportion. The potteries absorb not less than 60,000 tons of blue clay per annum. Flint comes next in order among the materials used in the pottery manufacture. This substance is, as every one knows, pure silica, and has to undergo the process of calcining before it can be manipulated by the potter, after which it is ground to the required degree of fineness in a mill with water. In the course of a year Staffordshire consumes some 40,000 tons of this material. There is about the same quantity of Cornish stone used. This does not require grinding. When it has been decomposed by exposure to the air it is easily worked up. Its constituent parts are kaolin, or china clay, undecomposed felspar, and quartz. Last on the list of raw materials stand bones, of which the manufacturers of porcelain use large quantities. Bones intended for the potter's use are first of all calcined so as to secure the destruction of all organic elements, and leave only the mineral ash (phosphate of lime), carbonate of lime, and a little magnesia, in the form of a perfectly white substance. This ash is then ground under water, and afterwards converted into a paste. Such are the principal raw materials brought into use in the making of pottery.

The materials being there, they have, in the first place, to be reduced to a proper consistency by being submitted to the grinding or crushing process. Many firms of potters have this done for them by people who engage in this one business alone, but Minton's do not put any of their processes into commission, but perform them all themselves. A visit to their mill shows an array of stones, some of which are used for grinding flint and Cornish stone, while others are devoted to the grinding of the materials for the various glazes and the later stages of manufacture. Under the same roof there is the colour mill, which has twenty-eight pans containing granite mullers, used for grinding the various colours. Then there is a very special and a very particular mill, which is kept strictly guarded, and is always

under lock and key, where they grind the gold used in ornamentation, which is received at the works in the shape of grains, just as washed out. A powerful engine supplies the motive-power for driving the machinery of these mills, two large tubular boilers supplying the steam. All the raw materials used by Messrs. Minton are stored up on the banks of the canal close by, whence they are transported to the mills as needed by means of carts.

It is in what is called the Slip House that initial processes of the manufacture are to be seen in operation. First of all, the due proportions of blue clay, flint, and Cornish china clay are measured out into a vat with a sufficient quantity of water, and by means of vertical "blungers" it is worked into a mass of the consistency of cream, and of uniform density. The "blungers," which are worked by steam-power, are used both in the preparation of the slip for earthenware, and in the preparation of china slip. From the "blungers" the slip is passed into troughs, and strained through sieves of lawn varying in fineness from 64 to 112 threads to the inch, and thence into receptacles termed "arks," which are ready for its reception in a room immediately underneath the slip-house. It is particularly interesting to the outsider to watch the mixing of the various solutions in proportions determined by the character of the ware to be produced. This is done in what is called the mixing tub, a vessel which is fitted at the sides with gauges to regulate the proportions of the materials used. After the mixing, the slip or clay solution has to be deprived of all superfluous water, which is accomplished by forcing it into strong cotton bags by means of steam-pumps, and afterwards submitting the bags to heavy pressure between two fluted surfaces, the water being forced out through the interstices of the cloth, leaving the solid clay in the bags in a solid condition. After receiving treatment of a kindred nature at the pug mills, the clay may be considered to have passed all the preliminary stages and to be ready for the hands of the potter.

The clay has to undergo three separate and distinct processes in being shaped into its required form—throwing, pressing, and casting. In the throwing department we are introduced to the potter's wheel, an implement which is in its main features the same to-day that it was four thousand years ago, when the Egyptians made pottery, as we have seen it depicted on the ancient pictorial records of stone which have remained through the ages as a connecting-link between the remote past and the present. The difference between the old mode of working the wheel and the new is simply that the modern thrower has the advantage of steam-power for driving the wheel the speed of which he controls by means of his foot, whereas in olden times the workman had to rely solely on manual labour. As we observe the thrower at work at Mintons' establishment we see lumps of clay weighed out to him by the girl-assistant who works by his side, and as he

takes it from her he places it on the horizontal wheel that is performing its rapid revolutions before him, and, with a dexterity that seems nothing less than marvellous, manipulates it in the most skilful manner until it assumes the precise form that he desires, being transformed from a dull mass of clay to the most elegant article of pottery in a wonderfully short space of time. The object having now assumed its first shapings at the hands of the thrower, it is passed forward to the turner, who fixes it upon a lathe, and brings certain tools to bear upon it that have the effect of removing all superfluous substances and rendering its outline more strictly correct.

The Handling Room has next to be visited. It is here that a number of workmen are employed in making handles for cups and similar articles, spouts for teapots, and so forth. If the handles are intended to be of an ornamental character they have to be pressed in plaster moulds, but if only required to be plain are made by forcing the clay through a brass tube of the necessary shape, thus forming a kind of clay pipe, which is cut into lengths, bent to the desired shape, and affixed to the article by means of a little liquid slip which is applied by a camel-hair pencil. This operation fixes the handle so firmly to the parent article that a separation at the joining point very seldom takes place.

The Pressing Shops come next in order for visitation. Here we find some of the larger pieces of pottery being made by workmen who work with mallets and beat the clay out into pancake-shape before proceeding to give it its required form. As in the throwing department, the clay is weighed out in certain quantities to the operator, according to the weight and nature of the article intended to be produced, and when it has been flattened out by the mallet into what is technically termed a "bat," of uniform thickness, it is placed on a plaster mould, fixed on a wheel known as a "jigger;" and as this rapidly revolves, the workman presses the clay with a tool called a "profile" and gives it the required shape. In the case of octagon-shaped plates, the article is first pressed in a mould, trimmed to give the necessary angles to the outer edge, and then finished on the "jigger." Plaster moulds are also used in making soup bowls, wash basins, pie dishes, and other large pieces, but the pressing is done by the workman "dabbing," as it were, the plastic clay into the shape of the mould by means of a wet sponge—a "bat" of suitable thickness being, of course, prepared in the first instance. This process requires a great amount of care and practice, for should the piece be made thicker in one part than another, it is almost certain to crack in the drying or firing, owing to the unequal expansion and contraction of the clay. When we come to the pressing rooms where the largest articles of all are made, we have our attention drawn to more complicated processes. In some instances the moulds are made in separate parts, which are so arranged that they can be removed one by one

without disturbing the still soft figure. There are cases, however, in which this is not practicable, and the pieces have to be moulded separately, and afterwards joined together while the clay is still soft. This requires a neat and skilful hand to accomplish it satisfactorily, the parts having to be adjusted so neatly that no trace of the patching will appear on the surface of the finished article. The joints are concealed in a most ingenious manner. The various sections are secured in their places by means of a strap or riband, and the presser passes his finger up each joining so as to make a shallow groove, a thin roll of clay being inserted in the groove and carefully into the mass with the fingers, the whole being made smooth with a moist leather. The mould and its contents are then set aside until the clay is firm enough to receive a polish from a flexible plate of horn. In this fashion are made some of the large Majolica vases, and such figures as those of storks, herons, cranes, peacocks, &c.

The ware having been thus formed, by throwing or pressing, it is passed forward into the drying rooms, which occupy the central portions of the shops, and are very ready of access. In some cases the drying rooms have a series of shelves which revolve on a central pivot, so that each section of the interior can in time be brought in front of the doorway, and the ware placed on the shelves; but in the majority of instances there are sliding doors opening upon shelving composed of steam-pipes, and on these the ware is placed.

As we continue our progress through the works we find the processes becoming more and more artistic as we advance. We are introduced to the Figure-making shops, at which point we take our leave of the commoner aspects of pottery work and begin to breathe an atmosphere of art wherein we find a multitude of examples of classical objects—busts, statuettes, and groups—copies of famous works of art, such as the Greek Slave of Hiram Powers, the Prometheus and the Hebe of Canova, the Imogen and the Abyssinian Slave of Bell, and other celebrated masterpieces of sculpture. The process of manufacture in this important branch of Messrs. Mintons' works is as follows:—The various sections of the mould are placed together and bound round with a strap, in the first instance; the liquid clay, or slip, is then poured into the mould until it is full. It is then left to stand for a few minutes, when the plaster mould absorbs the water from the slip which is brought into immediate contact with it, and deposits as it were the clay on the inner surface. When the operator judges that sufficient has adhered to the interior of the plaster mould, he pours off the superfluous slip, leaving the mould lined with the clay from which the water has been absorbed by the plaster. The piece is then left to harden, during which process it contracts very considerably, and it is removed from the mould when it is deemed safe to perform that operation. Connected with this branch of

the business, is the department devoted to the making of raised flowers, foliage, and other objects in relief used in the ornamentation of vases and other large pieces.

We now proceed to the "greenhouses," as they are styled, where all ware in its "green" state is dried, prior to being submitted to the most crucial process of all—the firing. This important operation is performed in the "biscuit ovens," as they are technically described, or kilns. The ware is placed in large pans or cases, called "seggars," made from the clay found in the neighbourhood, and when the "seggars" have received their contents they are piled one above another in the ovens, the one above forming the cover of the one below. The ovens are 19 feet in diameter, and the same in height to the apex of the dome. At first the fire, which is applied by means of flues (so arranged that the heat passes completely round the seggars, giving out an equal heat top and bottom), operates very gradually, lest the goods should split or crack, but little by little it increases until the maximum of heat is reached, from which time it goes steadily forward until the process is completed, which takes altogether from forty to fifty hours. When the ware is sufficiently fired, the ovens are allowed to cool down, as long a time being taken up with the evaporation of the heat as has been consumed in the application of it; so that, one way and another, a period of something like four days is required for the passing of the ware through the "biscuit ovens." It is now removed from the "seggars," and tested as to soundness of ring by having a smart tap administered to it, which, if the ware has passed the firing ordeal with success, causes it to give forth the musical bell-like sound which all good pottery emits. Girls are employed to sort it, and it is now conveyed to the warehouses, ready to be taken away as required for having the finishing touches put upon it.

It may be that the "biscuit" ware has to be printed according to some pattern, right away, "under the glaze," as the term is. If so two processes are necessary. The design has to be put upon suitable paper with a prepared ink, in the first instance, and then transferred to the surface of the ware. In the matter of the original printing on the paper the method adopted is to print from copper plates, using the desired colours. The common vehicle for embodying the colours is a composition of boiled oil and tar, which is, when mixed with the colour, rendered sufficiently liquid by spreading it upon a hot iron plate. The printed transfer is laid upon the ware and rubbed carefully in with a piece of flannel, so that all parts of the design may press equally upon the "biscuit," which, from its porous nature, rapidly absorbs the colour. When this has been done the paper is washed off by plunging the piece into water, and the article is passed on to the hardening kilns, where the oily nature of the transferring medium is destroyed; otherwise the after-process of

applying the glaze could not be successfully performed. In the kilns the ware is heated to a temperature just sufficient to effect the required purpose. The glaze can now be applied without any risk of failure. This is done by dipping each piece in a vessel containing a solution of glaze suspended in water. This glaze is, as its name indicates, a sort of liquid glass, and during the process of immersion the water is absorbed by the porous "biscuit" and the glaze is left safely deposited on the surface. The ware has now to be subjected to a further baking if overglaze-work has to be added, otherwise the pottery is finished. For the overglazing the ware has to be taken to what are called the Glost ovens, where, once more packed in "seggars," it has to undergo a moderate heat, the process in this instance lasting only some fifteen or sixteen hours. The overglaze ornamentation is for the most part done by women and girls, the mode of operation being very similar to that of ordinary painting on canvas or wood. The colours used, however, are different, being of the kind termed enamel, and are made from metallic oxides. The women do not originate the designs from which they work, but are simply the clever colourists of drawings which have been transferred to the ware. Further ornamentation is done in the gilding shops, and this is the final decorative stage of all. Nothing now remains but for the pieces to be again submitted to the action of firing in a kiln, for about six hours, during which time an ordinary red heat is maintained. The colours are now bright and clear, and after the gold has been burnished and the rough parts have been made smooth by means of sandpaper, the ware is ready for being transferred to the warehouse, previous to being despatched to customers.

It would be difficult to find a more attractive display of art-pottery than is to be met with in the warehouses of Messrs. Mintons. Those who have seen the exquisite specimens of pottery shown by this firm and others at the various international exhibitions there have been, may form some slight notion of the magnificent collection which is always on view, in spite of the constant changes that are going on; and those who have visited the porcelain works at Sèvres may have seen something equal to it in point of brilliance. The charm of the collection of finished articles to be seen in the warehouses of the English firm, however, lies not exactly in the beauty and costliness of its single pieces, but in the rich variety of objects presented to the eye. The pieces range from the humblest article of earthenware to the most delicately coloured and most costly of dinner services—from the fragile specimens of toilet ware to immense vases fit for a nobleman's hall. A division of classes is adopted, it is true, but the subdivisions are so numerous that there seems to be endless variety of colour and form in every room. There is a room wherein nothing but toilet services are shown; another

where the space is entirely occupied with dinner services; a third in which white ware is exclusively shown; a fourth which is kept for general goods; a fifth for cream-coloured pieces; and so on through a long service of elegant apartments.

From the warehouses we proceed to the Show Room, a noble apartment whose roof is supported by Corinthian columns, from which branch arches, giving a light and elegant appearance to the room. Here the artistic sense is ministered to in a most striking degree. Effect rather than classification has been studied in the arrangement of the objects here—light, colour, and contrast having all been duly considered. The various articles seem to belong to each other, so admirably have the laws of harmony been observed. It is only when we are confronted with this seemingly endless diversity of specimens that we get an adequate notion of the vastness and variety of the operations carried on by this firm of potters. As we make the tour of the factories and workshops we only see a section at a time, but here we have put before us a combination of results the contemplation of which produces wonder and admiration. What would the founder of the firm, the humble engraver, Thomas Minton, have said could he but have seen into the future which is our present, and have realized the picture of wealth, beauty, and elegance which is here set before us? Not even in his most extravagant dreams could he have imagined anything so enchanting. The show of vases alone is worth a journey to Stoke-upon-Trent to see. They are of numerous shapes and sizes, and wonderfully diversified as to ornamental treatment and colour. Some of them are of very massive appearance and stand five feet six inches in height, the longest axis of the oval of the bowls being four feet six inches. These are all of Majolica ware, some of them bearing decorations in imitation of fruit and flowers, others having classical heads upon them with intertwining garlands of vine or laurel leaves. Other highly successful reproductions in Majolica show beautiful combinations of natural effects, some treated conventionally, some from a grotesque point of view, while others are treated realistically. Corals, shells, foliage, birds, animals, fish, are all represented in bold relief, with many adroit turnings and twistings for the sake of artistic effect. The modelling of the various objects of statuary which form so pleasing a feature of this apartment is in almost every instance unexceptionable. There is the well-known "Reading Girl" in glazed earthenware, with the "Skipping Girl" as a companion; there are some marvellously fine reproductions of Graffito vases, which as specimens of the potter's skill are unsurpassable. The impression made also by the splendid samples of the ware to which the name of *Henri Deux*, or *Faïence d'Oiron*, has been given, is a lasting one—never, in fact, to be forgotten. This choice ware is for the most part made only in small pieces, but Mintons have quite solved the problem of its

manufacture, and in the specimens of the pottery which they now produce obtain results quite equal to the original *Faïence*. This ware has a whitish-yellow glaze and clay, and the pattern is engraved on the clay, while the incision is filled in with clays of other colours. The raised ornaments are also in different colours. The Henri-Deux ware, however, must necessarily remain a rare production, its very great cost precluding the possibility of anything like a general adoption of it. As an evidence of skill and ingenuity, this ware is most remarkable; whether, beautiful as it is, it was worth all the trouble that the potters have been at in producing it is, of course, a matter which can only be decided by the number of persons who are willing to go to the expense of purchasing it. It would be useless to attempt even to enumerate on the catalogue principle a list of the hundreds of other works in art pottery which the show room of Messrs. Minton reveals; suffice it that nearly the whole range of the manufacture is covered by them, and that in the lines which are special to themselves, and which they were the first to introduce, they are deservedly at the head.

We have still a branch of the works of Messrs. Minton to explore before we have completed the round of their extensive establishment, and that is the portion which is devoted to the making of tiles—an industry that the name of this firm has been for many years intimately associated with. The premises in which this business is carried on are situated apart from the other buildings, although some of the processes employed are very similar to those connected with the ordinary ceramic manufacture. The last quarter of a century has seen a remarkable revival in the taste for tiles, a fact which is greatly due to the excellent workmanship and the beauty and originality of the designs which Messrs. Minton and other firms have turned out during that period. Artists of the first eminence have been employed by them in designing pictorial effects, prominent amongst them Mr. H. Stacy Marks, R.A., who drew a series of illustrations descriptive of the "Seven Ages of Man," as well as other attractive subjects, upon which there has been a great run. It was a happy idea to embellish our firesides with reproductions in pottery of high-class works of art, now awaking thoughts of a quaintly humorous nature, and now arousing a whole dreamland of poetical fancies, as the occupant of the easy chair sat and mused before the fire. Such objects of decorative art have added in a sensible degree to the comforts of home, and have been highly appreciated. The tiles manufactured by Messrs. Minton are made of clay reduced to a fine powder, and, when in an almost dry state, submitted to a very heavy pressure. The course adopted is to grind the clay when dry, and then pass it through a machine called a "silter." After being put through this machine and slightly moistened, the clay is collected on a bench attached to the press. When this

press is about to be put into operation, a sufficient quantity of the prepared clay is placed in what is technically known as a "semi-die." The press then descends, and, by means of an immense pressure, forces the moistened dust into a tile so solid that further contraction is impossible, and the tile is formed into a mass which will bear handling without breaking. The upper part of this tile, which is destined to receive the design, is perfectly smooth and plain, while the under and rougher side has impressed upon it the words, "Mintons' China Works." There are a large number of these presses continually at work, and when it is stated that one of them is capable of turning out as many as 150 dozens of tiles per day, some notion may be gathered of the immense number of these ornamental objects produced by Messrs. Minton from day to day. When the tiles have been pressed, the edges are sand-papered, and they are despatched to the "biscuit" oven to be fired, in precisely the same manner as in the case of earthenware. On emerging from the "biscuit" oven the tile is in a fit condition for being decorated. The designs are stereotyped in the first instance, and from the stereotypes the transfers are printed in colour on an ordinary printer's press. The design may be as simple or as complex as may be desired, for there is practically no limit to the capabilities of this method of ornamentation, and it is quite a common thing for one tile to be printed with four or five different colours. There are stoves attached to the printing presses, and the transfer paper is placed upon the tiles in the usual manner. Some tiles are reserved for special ornamentation by hand, the process being much the same as in ordinary painting. The varieties of the tiles made at these works are exceedingly great, including such as are intended for dados and other mural decoration, such as are required for furniture and cabinet-work, for flower boxes and jardinières, for fireplaces, grates, mantel-pieces, hearths, and so forth, the tiles being made of extra strength, and the enamelling colours being all under the glaze, rendering the patterns practically indestructible. Mintons do not manufacture the ordinary floor tiles. It would be interesting to describe some of the more favourite designs which celebrated artists have made for the purpose of being reproduced upon the tiles made by Messrs. Minton. We have already referred to Mr. Stacy Marks' clever designs of the "Seven Ages of Man." Equally able, in their way, are the designs of Mr. J. Moyr Smith, tinted in monochrome, illustrating scenes from the Waverley novels, the subjects being well selected and the drawing boldly and effectively made. Then there is a series devoted to scenes from Shakspeare's plays; and another series of twelve tiles, the subjects for which have been taken from elfin-land. Another artist has gone to the Scriptures for his scenes, and has produced a very effective set, which will no doubt find their way to many a country parsonage or schoolroom, where the lessons they are meant to enforce will be duly esteemed.

"Æsop's Fables" furnish another capital list of subjects, Mr. Moyr Smith being again to the fore with his pencil. Fairy tales, subjects from English history, industrial scenes, farm and field incidents, rustic comicalities, and illustrations of bird life are also amongst the matters treated by Messrs. Minton's artists. Leaving the purely pictorial tiles and coming to those which are more strictly decorative, we find many very beautiful specimens, rich in colour and exquisite in "design." Some are of the geometrical type, enriched with splendid colours; some carry out a pretty floral pattern, along with a more conventional surrounding or interlacing; some are filled with delicate tracery, relieved by effective contrasts of colour; some are Oriental in character, with patterns of elaborate richness; and some, again, are decorated in simple white and gold. The variety is without limit. It is as enjoyable as going to a high-class picture exhibition to pay a visit to the tile works of Messrs. Minton, in which from beginning to end nothing is seen which does not possess an artistic bearing.

Another distinct department of Messrs. Minton's establishment is the China works, where, to a certain point, the operations performed are similar to those pertaining to the making of earthenware. After the clay has passed the Slip House, and comes from the presses, it undergoes a process called "wedging," which is accomplished in the following manner:—A portion of the clay is placed on a plaster slab, where it is pounded with a mallet, then cut into strips by means of a wire, and again beaten well together, the object being to drive out, as far as possible, any fixed air which may be contained in its substance. For the making of china, the process of throwing differs slightly from that adopted in the earthenware manufacture, inasmuch as only what is known as the lining is first made by the thrower. After having produced a sufficient number of linings, the thrower charges the head of his wheel with a press into which the mould fits. The linings are then placed in the mould and pressed into it, thus forming the outside ornamentation or pattern, the inside being formed with a kind of templet. Cups are afterwards blocked on a plaster block in order to solidify the bottom. The clay, while yet unfired, has a peculiar colour, which is owing to the quantity of calcined bones which it contains, and which are not used in the earthenware manufacture. The china ware is dried upon blocks in steam drying rooms, and thence is passed to the turning shops, and receives its finishing touches much in the same way as earthenware. Before leaving this branch of the business it is necessary to allude to the plate-making shop, which forms one of a series of rooms adjoining the turning shops, and is fitted with all necessary stoves. Six shops are employed in the making of pressed goods, but the process is the same to a great extent as we have previously seen. Here, too, the china is finished ready for the "biscuit" ovens. There are also handling rooms like those in

the earthenware department. In the pressing rooms we notice certain pieces in which the embossment given by the mould is undercut by means of a sharp tool. This process is a somewhat risky one, the material operated upon being so thin and so "short" in its nature that it is exceedingly difficult to manipulate without breaking it, and even if this operation is performed with success there are still the risks of drying and firing to run, which are no less serious. The master assumes the latter risks, however, but the workman has to be responsible for any mishaps during the process of undercutting.

We have already mentioned the name of M. Arnoux in connection with the artistic department of this great establishment, but there is another gentleman who has by his artistic ability done much to secure for Minton's a special eminence in regard to their artistic pottery. That gentleman is M. Solon, a French artist, who was formerly employed at the famous china manufactory at Sèvres, but came over to this country in 1870, in response to an offer made to him by Messrs. Minton. He was the means of introducing that particular style of ornamentation known as *pâte-sur-pâte*, a process in which advantage is taken of the transparency of the Parian body with which the figures are painted, to give very delicate and beautiful effects of light and shade. The clay is laid on by means of a brush, and then worked with suitable tools, the thick parts of the clay for lights, and the thin and transparent portions for shades. The effects produced are cameo-like and very beautiful. In this attractive style of ornamentation, which may be more correctly described as modelling rather than painting, the artist has to be his own designer, and has to carry out his own design, the effect of which greatly depends upon his delicacy of touch and skill in manipulation. The clay is not, it should be explained, laid upon the coloured ground all at once, but layer by layer—as the title *pâte-sur-pâte* itself indicates—and, as a result, the beautiful cameo-like appearance is obtained. When the process is completed the article is "biscuit" fired, as in the case of ordinary and less precious goods. A peculiarity of the process is that the body of the clay can be of any colour, and this allows of a great variety of effects being attainable. M. Solon deserves every credit for the chaste and beautiful specimens of art pottery which he has been the means of introducing, and credit is also due to the very able staff of assistants—all necessarily artists—who work under his instruction and superintendence.

M. Arnoux, the art-director of the concern, has been with Minton's since 1848, and in his own special department has rendered most valuable service to the firm. He has the entire artistic control both as regards hand-painting and the other branches of pottery decoration. It is highly interesting to watch the numerous artists at work in the various studios set apart for them. At first sight, the

paintings do not appear very attractive, the colours being dull, and the drawings "curious," but all that is required to bring out their full artistic effects is the application of the heat of the furnace, which animates the dull colours into brightness and beauty, and develops the apparently unfinished drawing into a charming flower, an attractive landscape, or an engaging group of figures. It is sometimes necessary to subject these designs to repeated firings in the kilns before the desired result is gained.

There are many other workshops than those we have described in this great industrial hive, which has been gradually built up on the foundations laid by Thomas Minton in 1793. We have probably said sufficient, however, to show in a general way the extent and importance of the operations carried on by this eminent firm. Many "fortunes" have been made out of the business, and the men who have made them have well deserved them, for they have earned them by their skill and industry, their patience and their energy. Many more "fortunes" will doubtless still be won in the same way, and on the same ground; the old spirit of determination evinced by the early Mintons continuing to animate the present members of the firm and spur them on to constantly increasing effort. When a concern has once been started on firm, well-defined lines, and with strong earnestness of purpose, it is, indeed, more than probable that it will expand and prosper, for the traditions of a good business course have been laid down, and are not easily broken away from. The works of this firm cover an area of seven acres, and give employment to nearly 2,000 persons. This fact is the best testimony that could be given to the ability and capacity of the business management of the Mintons.

CURIOSITIES OF CATALOGUES.

NO library, public or private, which is in the least degree comprehensive, can be used without a catalogue. There are so many books nowadays that inquirers must have a way to that which they seek provided for them. The way to a particular book in a collection is the title of it, as the entry in a catalogue is called; the way is shown, in cases where it is doubtful, by the index of a catalogue. The makers of these useful articles are not literary men, and they must not be illiterate. They are, as it were, ministers in the outer court of the temple, whose virtue, if they have any, is its own reward. They are abused for information which their catalogues do not give, and are ridiculed for the ignorance which their indexes do show. And if they are to classify, omniscience will barely save them. For which reason classification in a catalogue is always to be abstained from, where that can be done. I say abstain, because the "old Adam" gravitates that way. No doubt the length of the word has something to do with this. Certain minds find solace in classification, just as the old lady did in saying or hearing "Mesopotamia." This only refers to the classification of titles. I am inclined to say that the grouping of books in a library so that those of a certain class can be seen all together, combined with a catalogue which has an alphabet of authors' names and another of subjects, is the nearest thing to perfection in approach to books. In this way we get over the ever-recurring objection to classification in a catalogue, that the consulter has to learn the maker's theories before he can use it. Where only the books are concerned, the librarian can classify after what flourish his nature wills; he has to find a given article when it is wanted.

About forty years ago one of the reviews printed an article on catalogues. It was to a large extent composed of statistics of great English and foreign libraries, such as the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris and that of the British Museum, telling us how many miles of shelf were occupied by books, and so forth. This was, of course, before the splendid reading-room, which is familiar to most of us, was in existence, and in a day when catalogues were not so common as they are now. For, at the present moment, not merely the general reader is familiar with such apparatus—even those who do not read at all have occasion for catalogues. Such of us as merely desire "something to read" must consult the circulating library catalogue, and those

who want something to eat are in the habit of searching the lists of the "stores."

This paper arose out of the idea that a popular exposition of the writer's book called "*Catalogue Titles*"* might be interesting to the general reader. That book was composed with a view of helping those who make catalogues for amusement or as an occupation, and was illustrated by examples derived from the author's experience and observation of the difficulties attending the kind of work. In planning this article so much original matter has been found that it seemed better to give the reader a kind of complement to the book, instead of an essay upon it or a collection of extracts. The writer will, here and there, refer to the volume itself to show where a branch of the subject receives farther attention.

Catalogues of books may be roughly divided in two classes: the one, catalogues of general reference whose office is to inform us what books exist, or have been published within a given space of time; the other, which gives information of the contents of a particular collection. It is proposed here to offer a few notes on each of the two classes, with a view of giving the reader some idea of the apparatus which is at work, merely in recording works of literature and setting them before him—here, on the Continent, and in America.

In England, copies are written from the title-pages of new books, so far as that is possible, and printed periodically. The "*Publishers' Circular*" prints every fortnight these titles, as the copies of title-pages are called, accompanied by an index of subjects, so that those who know a book has been published, but forget or have not heard the name of the author, may obtain information. Moreover, by consulting the indexes of, say, a few months, it is possible for an inquirer to learn, approximately, what books have been published on a given subject within that space of time. This is all very well when searching in a few numbers is concerned, but it would be very tiresome for a busy man to have to grope for his information in many detached alphabets, whether of authors' names or of subjects. So, when a year is completed, the twenty-four fortnightly numbers of the "*Publishers' Circular*" are, in so far as their new book-lists are concerned, blended into one alphabet; that is to say, one alphabet of authors' names and one of subject entries. This is a work of more labour than the unprofessional reader would imagine. We may shortly show how it is done.

First of all, the pages which contain the new book-list are torn out of a number of the "*Publishers' Circular*," and divested of their margin by a pair of scissors. Two copies are required for this

* "*Catalogue Titles and Index Entries*," by Charles F. Blackburn. London. Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1884.

process. The back of each page is marked across or obliterated by blue pencil, so that there may be left a succession of the required pages legible on one side only. The reverse or defaced side has then to be gummed. If this is not done at the moment the pages are selected, they are put into an envelope bearing the date, which envelope has its after-use. Gumming the backs of the titles is thus done:—The pages are fastened to a board, back uppermost, by means of pins at each corner of the paper. All of a given date are kept close together, and at the end of the row comes the envelope. The pages are then brushed over with ordinary gum and left to dry. The precaution of pinning the pieces of paper is taken that they may not curl up as the gum dries and become unuseable. When dry, the series of pages which belong to an envelope are detached from the board, and laid upon a table with their envelope underneath. These are taken one at a time, and cut up into their component titles, which leaves upon the operating board before you a heap of almost ridiculous-looking little snippets of printed paper, gummed on the reverse. If they have fallen too straight, they have to be shaken up and disordered so that you can lay hold of one at a time. Each is then whipped through a vessel of water, and laid down upon a slip of paper, a lump of which lies before you, cut to a given size. Part of the apparatus is half a quire of blotting paper, which lies on the bench to the right hand, disposed like an open book of which half the leaves rest nearly upright. As the slips of paper receive the gummed snippets they are laid down on the left-hand leaf of the blotting paper until there are ten, which just occupy it, and then a right-hand leaf is turned down upon them, and so on, until the heap of snippets is exhausted. The blotting paper is to take away the superfluous moisture, for if the gummed slips were laid upon one another without such precaution, they would stick together and be terribly tiresome to deal with, besides being defaced and illegible. I should have mentioned that each little snippet has to be smartly shaken to clear it from drops of water. The vessel containing the water must be broad and shallow, or else it will get knocked over in the quickness of the process. I have found a twopenny pie-dish the best; a cup or basin would be no use at all. I may add that laying down the snippets straight on their slips of paper is admirable practice for putting bookplates into a book without machinery to insure their being true. Let anybody make the experiment of pasting or gumming a rectangular piece of paper in the middle of a larger piece of similar shape, and he will understand what I mean. A man who is used to books almost inevitably places the smaller piece of paper nearer the top than the bottom of the larger one. The test is to look at what you have done, upside-down. The result was, in my own case, anxiously to lay hold of the gummed snippets right side up of the print, so that there might not be the awkwardness of a top-

heavy upper margin when they were laid down. After a while, practice led to such mathematical accuracy that turning round the slips detected nothing. When the heap of snippets on their slips have all found their way on to the blotting paper, it is closed upon them and turned round so as to receive a second batch, and then the first lot is taken out to make room for a third. When we have thus got through the printed matter belonging to a given date, which is on the envelope which comes up last, the slips are checked against the number of the "Publishers' Circular" of that date, so as to be sure that no titles are lost. Lastly, when the moisture is pretty well gone, and a pen can be used upon them, the titles are abbreviated or contracted, so that they shall emerge in print of the length of one line each. The date and the year denoted by the envelope already mentioned, are also written on each slip. The practical spirit of the nation is reflected in English catalogues of reference, which are mostly composed of titles in one line—an immense convenience to the busy man, whether student, librarian, or bookseller.

The processes just named are repeated with successive dates, until a whole year is got together, and then, the titles being merely put into alphabetical order, we have the major portion of the English catalogue of a year. Its index requires no such elaborateness of action as I have just described. The copy for it is written as the titles come in, fortnight by fortnight. The manuscript is contrived on the instant that each entry shall only occupy a line, so that at the end of the year there only remains to put the accumulated mass of slips into one alphabet for the printer.

These are among the mechanical processes. Composing or compiling a volume which records the books of several years calls into play another series of arrangements which the reader need not be afflicted with.

In France we see the more leisurely spirit of Continental nations in the reference catalogues in volumes which are mostly used. In them each publication is represented by a copy of its title-page. Occasionally useful particulars in the shape of a note are added, and the name of the author is accompanied by biographical memoranda, thus:

Musset (Alfred de) poëte, &c.

Musset (Paul de) littérateur, frère aîné du précédent, né à Paris en 1804.

The catalogue is therefore a very pretty piece of bibliographical work, which, from the name on the title-page, Lorenz, one must presume to be from the hand of a German gentleman. In France there is also a weekly "Bibliographie" of full titles for present needs, and a yearly catalogue, which, like our own, has each title compressed within a line. But the index of subjects, whether periodical, yearly, or in a volume, which Mr. Sampson

Low projected, is, I believe, unique, and peculiar to this country. The weekly "*Bibliographie*" is derived from official sources, indeed *sur les documents fournis par le Ministère de l'Intérieur*. Here is a specimen, dated July 4th, 1885:

Gounod (C.) Clory to thee, my Cod, this night (an evening song); words by Bishop Ken, &c.

The compilers of the yearly and of the weekly catalogues in France have notions of alphabetical arrangement which are strange to insular eyes. Among the authors whose names appear are Fenimore Cooper and Walter Scott at the head of translations of certain of their works. Only the other day I observed in the yearly catalogue Cooper (J. F.) placed as we should do it, but the same alphabet showed the Wizard of the North in letter W— Walter Scott. English words, too, are occasionally transcribed in a peculiar manner, as we have just seen.

In Germany, the publications whose office it is to record new books are overwhelmingly complete, as it may seem to a Briton. Chief among them is the "*Börsenblatt*," the official organ of the German booksellers' *Bourse* or exchange. This paper is published daily at Leipzig, in quarto, the size of the *Athenæum*, and with an average of sixteen pages. I think I have seen a number with as many as fifty pages, but it contained the "*Monatsbericht*," or *résumé* of the publications of a month.

Every quarter of a year the titles of books are gathered into what our German friends call a scientifically arranged, that is, a catalogue classified in about eighteen groups of titles given in full and with the utmost conscientiousness of particular. Then there is the "*Halbjährlicher Catalog*," in which the titles of books published every six months are given in equal fulness, but this time in alphabetical order. It has a classified index. In the daily "*Börsenblatt*," the new books are arranged according to the names of the publishers. Thus there are three ways in which information is presented, without any attempt at an index of *subjects*, which I suppose would be too colossal an undertaking. The "*Vierteljahrs-Catalog*," or quarterly classified list, does contain an index, but that is of books under authors' names. The bibliographical apparatus just named, all of it, proceeds from the eminent house of Hinrichs, which also produces beautiful periodical catalogues each of which comprehends a term of years. These are models of printing and compression, although the titles are given with the exact conscientiousness which is a German characteristic.

It may interest the reader to hear how in Germany it is insured that the titles or copies of title-pages shall be as faultless as human effort can make them. In England there are arrangements to *procure* information regarding newly-published works, and if publishers send an account of their books as they come out, it is considered an extraordinary piece of painstaking. In Germany

the official registrars are content with no such copy of title-pages—they must see the books themselves. Here are some of the regulations:

“All new articles, continuations, and new editions (*Auflagen*) of the German book and map trade, are to be sent in immediately on publication, without their being asked for.

“Every work must lie before the cataloguer; mere copies of title-pages will be disregarded.

“The articles are to be sent in charged, and will be so returned. They must be accompanied by an invoice showing the publishing price and the rate at which they are charged to account.” (Thus the awkwardness of receiving a title or book from a publisher without price, which frequently happens in England, is avoided. Moreover, the German list indicates when the “usual trade allowance” is deviated from, and it distinguishes by a particular mark editions which are only so in virtue of a new title-page.)

The official list includes:—

All books published in the various States of the German Empire, in Austria-Hungary, and in Switzerland, and German books printed elsewhere.

It excludes articles which are more than six months old, and such as are published outside of the above-named States. The latter are recorded in the unofficial bibliography.*

Besides the periodical means of reference just named, there is a series of quarto volumes reaching into the last century, called Kayser's “*Bücher-Lexicon*,” which Messrs. T. O. Weigel send forth. And there is, I believe, a similar quarto bibliographical dictionary, which bears the name of Heinsius. One cannot quit the subject of German books of reference, without alluding to the admirable series of special bibliographies produced by the house of W. Engelmann, in Leipzig. Among them are a “*Bibliotheca Historiæ Naturalis*,” a “*Bibliotheca Medico-Chirurgica*,” and a “*Bibliotheca Auctorum Classicorum*.” This latter is now in its eighth edition, and extends to 1,573 closely and beautifully printed pages. In it we find, *e.g.*, quoted some 1,500 commentaries on Cicero, 1,100 on Horace, 900 on Virgil, and 1,600 on Homer, to say nothing of editions and translations of the various classics, among which the labours of English scholarship are enumerated. One of these miracles of research is a “*Bibliotheca Bibliographica*,” literally a book about books which are about books.

I cannot leave the subject of reference catalogues without naming Dr. Saalfeld's “*Wörterbuch der Eigennamen*.” Which of us has not been puzzled at times by the place of publication of a book, through the name being in Latin on the title-page? Dr.

* It may be roughly said of Switzerland that seven-tenths of the inhabitants use German, two-tenths French, and one-tenth Italian. The proportion is almost *as in* the inscriptions upon railway carriages.

Saalfeld's little work is a dictionary of all names of places that are likely to be met with. It weighs 3 oz., costs less than a shilling, and is published by Mr. Winter in Leipzig.

Having named the royal 8vo. general reference catalogues of England, the super-royal 8vo. catalogues of France, and the quarto catalogues of Germany, the large quarto catalogue of American publications, a splendid piece of bibliographical work, has to be mentioned. It is due to the enthusiasm of a German gentleman, the late Mr. Leypoldt, who also projected the "Publishers' Weekly" which gives particulars as to the newest books with minute fidelity, and accompanies them by expository notes. The catalogues of great American libraries are also valuable and most interesting works of reference. I have only space to mention two of them. I think if I were asked to name my ideal of a catalogue of reference, it would be that of the Boston Library. The titles are in alphabetical order, and there are occasionally most useful notes. The typographical arrangement, in its unobtrusive contract and economy of space, is much to be commended. Happily for the man who seeks for information, there is no parade of arrangement. The Brooklyn Library catalogue is an elaborate affair. It consists of hundreds of alphabetical arrangements, among which the unfortunate consulter has the pleasure of blundering about. This is called in America the simplest dictionary system. We are so far behind in England that one alphabet for one language is found enough in a dictionary. However, the names of authors and their Christian names are given with a punctilio to which we are strangers, and I should turn to the Brooklyn catalogue if I wanted the exact name of an English author. And if, *e.g.*, the names of Goethe's different works in the collections called "Werke" were desired, here is the best place to look for the information, for ordinary mortals cannot always have German bibliographies or publishers' catalogues at hand.

Mr. Poole's magnificent index of articles in modern English and American periodicals is to be spoken of with gratitude and admiration by every literary seeker. It has, however, one flaw, which to the English reader is somewhat embarrassing. You would like, let us say, to see a celebrated novel in its original form. You know it has been published first in some magazine or periodical. You turn to "Poole's Index" to get the information. I tried this with Charles Reade's "Terrible Temptation." I knew it had been published in "Cassell's Magazine," and only wanted to learn the time of its appearance. "Poole" tells me that the Boston *Evening News* (?) was where the "Terrible Temptation" came out first. But even supposing that this, in time, coincided with the English issue, surely it is more strictly true to say that "Cassell's Magazine" was the first source whence the book sprang. I once made search in "Poole's Index" for an article of an English magazine, which may have been "Fraser." It was the story of a

sculptor who one day had a visit from distinguished personages at his studio. Among them was a princess dressed in the rather *décolletée* mode of that day. It made such an impression on the artist that he spent his time afterwards in modelling busts. This is all I remember of the story, and I should like to read it again. Is it my fault or that of "Poole's Index" that I cannot trace the article?

Among special aids to reference I may just refer to "The Modern Proteus" by Mr. J. L. Whitney, a list of books which have appeared under more than one name. It, like the "Brooklyn Catalogue," gives authors' names with a care which is very agreeable to those who like correct information. For example, the name of Mrs. Henry Wood, the author of "East Lynne," is entered thus—I take only a portion of the entry:

Wood, Ella Price (Mrs. Henry Wood) "The Earl's Heirs"—"Lord Oakburn's Daughters." The same story.

Such conscientiousness makes catalogues very interesting, but is not at all English. Let me add another instance of the precision which makes American catalogues both valuable and interesting. In one of our catalogues if I were to turn to the name of the author of the "Angel in the House" it would be found as

Patmore (Coventry) Angel, &c.,

probably because the name so appears on the title-page of the book. But in the Brooklyn Library catalogue I have seen the name entered as

Patmore (Coventry Kearsy Dighton) Angel, &c.,

which, one cannot doubt, is the truer way.

Few probably among our readers will contest the usefulness of reference catalogues; some may, perhaps, find them interesting; but one would scarcely expect to find them amusing. Nevertheless, I have seen the following conjunction of letters among the capitals which are used at the top of the page, as on the back of a cyclopædia:

MY—NANCY.

Some of our Free Library catalogues are put together with such minute painstaking as to be valuable hand-books to every lover of literature, quite apart from their use as guides to the particular collections. In the catalogues of the Halifax and the Newcastle Free Libraries we find the contents of the successive numbers of "Blackwood," "Fraser," the "Quarterly" the "Nineteenth Century," &c., approximately given, likewise the names of Macaulay's various essays as bound together, and so forth. Furnished with these and with access to Mr. Poole's index pointing to articles of periodicals by their subjects, it might seem that

the student or general reader lacks nothing. May I indicate a fresh field for some yet inglorious cataloguer to possess himself of? If you read an account of modern French literature, you will probably be told that Merimée's *Enlèvement d'une redoute* and his *Venus d'Ille* (a statue which had a bridal ring put on its finger) are models of short stories. But almost no catalogue, English or foreign, gives the names. All you see is "Merimée's *Colomba*."

And, to take an example in English literature, the volume called "Essays" by the author of "Vera" contains an essay on *Vers de Société*. As the Free Library catalogues already show us the way to articles on particular subjects, would not their value be immensely increased by secondary entries such as the following?

Enlèvement d'une redoute, "*Merimée, Colomba*," &c.

Venus d'Ille; *Merimée, Colomba*, &c.

Vers de Société. "*Essays*" by the author of "*Vera*."

The volume which, when you take it up, seems to be merely Prosper Merimée's "*Colomba*," is composed of eleven stories, the names of which you only learn by consulting the list of contents at the end of the book. The volume also comprises the *Lettres d'Espagne* which were written to the editor of the "*Revue de Paris*." Library catalogues are not always the work of enthusiastic curators. I have heard that once in Patagonia, a committee after consultation decided that it would be well that readers should be able to learn what treasures their library contained. Then they had to consider who should make the catalogue. Not a soul seems to have thought of the librarian as the proper man. The committee, for the most part ignorant shopkeepers, were relieved of their difficulty by a schoolmaster who was also a member. He offered to get the catalogue made for the £20 which had been voted for the purpose. The story is that he went to a needy clergyman hard by and told him that he should have the job on condition of handing over £10 out of the £20 to the schoolmaster's assistant-master, whom it was desirable to retain at the school, during the holidays, cheaply. The clergyman and the usher, both M.A., produced a *chef d'œuvre*. They chronicled:

Schloss Hainfield, or a Winter in Lower Syria, &c., &c.

Publishers' catalogues, as being necessarily the amplest and probably the surest reflection of books, are of great value to the student, especially when they contain, as do "Messrs. Longman and Co.'s Notes on Books," a digest of the contents. Mere lists of the contents are more frequently found in catalogues of American and German publishers. But when titles of books in a publisher's catalogue are accompanied by well-chosen extracts from reviews, they are interesting as well as useful. Some time

ago I bought an odd volume of Richter's autobiography for the sake of a catalogue of Mr. John Chapman, *temp.* George Eliot's translation of Strauss's "*Leben Jesu.*" This catalogue, from its expository matter, gives the form and pressure of the time.

Among novelties in publishers' catalogues it may be noted that Messrs. Routledge and Sons have lately made use of coloured illustration, and that Messrs. Field and Tuer, by graphic disposition of type, have rendered their lists of books very effective. In "Catalogue Titles" it will be seen that I have devoted considerable attention to the way in which a page of letterpress may be made expressive, instead of expressionless, by carefully-planned contrast of letter. The subject of conveying information graphically is an almost limitless field. I have an idea of a school-wall map of Europe, or of any country, which should show towns to the learner as they are seen by the traveller. Books of geography, and even railway "posters," give us views of towns. But when you approach a Continental city, you do not see a view of it. You see something white, of a certain outline, which is characteristic of the place. Would not children who learn, and people who travel, infinitely better apprehend a resemblance with a name beside it than two or three poor letters? A railway might single out its Continental system before the public eye by letting the scheme be shown as a coarse wall map in the streets, and "posters" of English excursions might be made characteristic by a graphic touch or two of form or colour beside the names. Words are wretched substitutes when you can show what they stand for. The London and North-Western Railway Co. at this moment very cleverly show the time of trains' arrival by the expressive face of a clock-diagram with the hands indicating the hour.

One publisher's catalogue of English books, which is yet not English, deserves remark, if only for the small compass into which it is made to go. The books are not allowed to enter this country, but there can be no harm in speaking of the catalogue, which every travelling Englishman and woman must have seen—that of Baron Bernhard Tauchnitz, the famous publisher of Leipzig. More than two thousand volumes are set before the reader in the space of six pages of "London Society." The print, of course, is small, but that does not matter, because the eye is caught by larger letter in the first line allotted to each author. The names of the writers follow in alphabetical order, but the eye is not offended by the inversion which most catalogues present. Thus the late Premier's name is printed exactly as we should say it:

Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Rome, &c.,

which takes exactly one line, each page being divided into two columns. These are of course purely technical merits. The

reader would hardly expect in so small a catalogue to be guided to the names of authors of anonymous books, but under the heading Grenville Murray, is found "Six Months in the Ranks," a work which must have made many a reader curious as to its authorship; and, as another example, "Who Breaks Pays" (a most pathetic novel) is found entered under W, but the reader is referred to the author's name under J. Purely English catalogues do not give the information, apparently because it has not been disclosed in print here. It may be added that there is evidence of scholarly care in Baron Tauchnitz's catalogue of English authors, for when a title is a proverb so applied, that is indicated by inverted commas. This is a small matter, of course, but it is rare to find it attended to.

"Second-hand" catalogues, as they are called, are of many kinds, sizes, and qualities, from Mr. Quaritch's magnificent volumes, which are works of reference all over the world, to the shabby-looking bulletins which offer us, *e.g.*:

Bailly (Auctore) Theologica Dogmatica.
Cocker (According to) Arithmetic.
Lucien (De) Œuvres Complètes, &c.

One need not descant on the interest which second-hand catalogues have for the book-fancier—that is obvious enough; but the reader may not be prepared to hear that cataloguing old books is a most charming occupation for the man who values books for what they contain. Each day's work will pass under notice a hundred or a hundred and twenty (the latter was my tale) books, perhaps in several volumes each. Many of these will be entirely new to the cataloguer, and some of them he will be glad to see, even if he has met with them before. Here is a privilege which is equal, probably, to any enjoyed by the lavish book-buyer. Perhaps the most curious thing is that in the five minutes which each book, one with another, takes to describe, the operator will have seen all he wants of it. It is not merely that seeing so many books is interesting—the cataloguer may make recording them interesting both to himself and to other people. If it were habitual with me, I would collect scraps and keep them in alphabetical order against meeting with certain books. Thus, when Taylor, the comedian's, life came up for judgment, I should be enabled to add to the title this note:

A little, thin, badly-built man, of whom George Colman said that his body would have fitted any sort of legs, and his legs any sort of body, but that neither legs nor body matched. Gay, sharp, sparkling, never at fault for anecdotes, puns, and *bons mots*, inseparable companion of all the artistic and literary celebrities London boasted, &c., &c.—CUCHEVAL CLARIGNY.

The artist may, if he chooses, now and then catalogue a book so that the entry is not merely amusing and curious, and so tending to insure preservation of the catalogue he is working

on—he may give a piece of really useful information. Here is a title I once prepared for a large house :

Cox (G. V.) "Recollections of Oxford, 1879."

"A tandem-driving fellow called his leader Xerxes and the shaft horse Artaxerxes. Being asked why, he said, 'Our tutor used to tell us that Aristotle's *Metaphysics* were so called because they came after (*meta*=after) the *Physics*, so, my leader being Xerxes, I, assisted by my grooms, named his follower Artaxerxes, or Arter Xerxes.'"—*Extract.*

How many people are there who know, I will not say what metaphysics are, but why they are so called rather than cata-physics or cata—logue. The practical man will not trouble himself about that, but say you are taking too much room for a 2s. 6d. book. The "practical" answer is that in the case before us there were twenty or more copies of the one book, apart from the fact that the entry was calculated to make the catalogue attractive.

This was in strictness an instance of cataloguing remainders.

It used to be one of the literary jokes that an author's works were likely to find their way to the trunkmaker. Now, there are no trunks to line, scarcely even bullock trunks, since India has had railways. The one Grand Trunk is a Line, and no doubt has its own paper. Since library books have come upon the market quickly at low prices, new books which will not move off the publisher's shelves are turned out and form a very considerable trade in the hands of "remainder" booksellers. An idea of its extent may be formed from the fact that Mr. Glaisher has more than 2,000 articles in his catalogue. Assuming for a moment that every entry represents 250 volumes, we have an aggregate of half a million. As one entry did once represent no less than 20,000 volumes, the above may not be an extravagant estimate. At all events as it is a notorious fact that books do not sell because of their deserts, the unsuccessful volumes will include many a work of merit, and not unfrequently an interesting discovery may be made. As an instance, I may mention that a short time since I bought Mr. Nassau Senior's "Conversations" in Paris, published at about 15s. the volume, for less than 10s. the four. In the "University Magazine," volumes of which are to be had for a mere song, there is an "autobiographic reminiscence" by Professor Ruskin, anticipating by seven years the autobiographical papers now publishing.

In "Catalogue Titles" I ventured to show how a man of leisure might amuse himself among his books, in cataloguing and annotating them. I may now point out how a busy man may quickly make a list of his books, almost without thinking about it. Let him take pieces of paper the size of "London Society" as it lies open before the reader, and double them so that the back is the long way of the paper. As x y z will go into little space, this gives opening for each letter of the alphabet. We will assume that the library which is to be, is for the moment scattered

in heaps on the floor, on tables, or even provisionally on the shelves it is to occupy. If there are 1,000 books or volumes, in a very few minutes—say an hour—all may be sorted into heaps on the floor according to authors' names. Then, taking a heap at a time on to the table, less than a minute will serve for entering each somewhat as below, just as they come to hand. Putting the books into heaps according to letters insures that you see how many volumes you possess of a book, which might be a magazine; and, if any books which consist of more than one volume are put back till the bottom of a heap or letter is arrived at, you make sure of seeing them all together. For the moment no more alphabetical arrangement is necessary. If the names are placed on the paper as indicated below they may follow just as the books come to hand, because the paper can be cut into equal-sized pieces and put into perfect order afterwards. By the time a thousand entries have been made it will be pretty well seen what proportion of space each letter requires, which will be useful to know when the alphabetical arrangement is perfected.

Love letters of a violinist.

Letters of a betrothed.

Leaves from the diary of a dreamer.

Love Letters. *Merimée* Lettres.

Love Letters. *Letters* of a betrothed.

Love songs to another world. *Dietz* Triumph.

The first three entries are examples of the rough method just suggested. The other three show how, in such a catalogue, I would guide those who were less familiar with the books than their owner, by indicating the subjects. Thus if a visitor had a turn for reading love letters, he could see at once what your collection had in that way. The reader may smile; but if letters are the cream of prose literature, which they probably are, love letters, if they are good, must be the *crème de la crème*. Even more than this is offered by Miss Ella Dietz's three volumes of poems entitled the "Triumph of Love," the "Triumph of Time," and the "Triumph of Life." For in loftiness of flight and in assimilation of Biblical thought, imagery, and diction, they are wonderful. It is as if one had in modern verse the "Song of Songs," chastened by separation, and informed by a faith which did not belong to the Old Testament.

One may conclude this paper by explaining a couple of points in the book called "Catalogue Titles," which do not appear to have been sufficiently clear.

1. In the "Private Library" section a few MSS. are catalogued. This was in part an attempt at registering the titles of non-existent books. For, in law, a book is not, and its title cannot be registered until it is published. It was also an attempt at shadowing forth a theory that in a journey the mind should make excursions into the realms of fancy, impelled by the material objects about it. The "Private Library Catalogue," as a whole, was intended as a protest against—one may not say a satire upon

—valuing books according to the prices they have fetched, or for their bindings—a worship which has its *vates sacer* in the windy raptures of a bibliographic Dibdin.

2. The vocabulary at the end of the book was intended as a continuous lesson on the German use of capital letters for substantives, and on the dots which stand for a vowel, thus :

bibliograaf (Du.) **Bibliograph** (Ge.) Gött. **Goettingen** (Ge.) university
bibliophile (Fr.) bibliographer. town.

It will be observed that similar words which do not demand a capital letter are printed beside those which do, in order to emphasize the point, and that words in which dots occur over vowels are also given without dots, that the force of the dots may be clearly seen. Of course one came into collision with the printers, who make these things of none effect through their traditions. The use of the vocabulary was amusingly shown soon after the book was published. A well-known bibliographer and editor wrote to me pointing out errors in the explanations of French and German words. I showed the letter to a German gentleman, who had for years carried on business in a French-speaking city. His remark, on reading the observations, was, "He is very English."

CHARLES F. BLACKBURN.

THE SECRET OF SWALECLIFFE CASTLE.

CHAPTER I.

TIGER KING.

HOME again! Oh, the joy of it, after five years across the seas! It is worth going round the world, as I had done, if only for the pleasure of coming back to your starting-point. I never appreciated old Aunt Marianne till after she died, and I never knew how fond I was of Eversfold till absence had estranged us. I had been wild to leave it, but now on my return journey, from Paris onwards, I felt consumed by a longing for the green lanes, copses, furze commons of Surrey. Four interminable hours must I wait in London for the Cross Hills train. Whilst impatiently pacing the Strand I stumbled on an acquaintance recently picked up abroad. I hesitated before speaking, for though the man and his family had been cordiality itself to me in Rome, I knew the difference different longitude makes sometimes. Not for jovial, hospitable old Matthew Parker, Esq. His first question now was the last he had put to me before parting on the Piazza di Spagna:

"When are you coming to Swalecliffe? The workmen are out at last, and we're nice and snug. Tuesday's our housewarming. You promised to be there. My ladies will never forgive me if I let you off."

"I'm homeward bound now, to my mother," I replied, "but I'll run down for the ball." What's two hundred miles to a man who has just put twenty thousand behind him?

"Here's my card—Swalecliffe Castle. Book to Wood End, Great Western line. Don't forget."

I pocketed the card and speedily forgot all about him, whirling towards Eversfold. At dusk I alighted at Cross Hills station, two miles distant. Five years bring changes. I see a new guard who knows not Francis Milford, the new station-master, touches not his hat. The servant my mother has sent to meet me is new, and we eye each other askance awhile ere agreeing to infer we are master and man.

He takes my luggage. I prefer to walk, by the fields. I shall reach home almost as soon as the carriage; and I like to recall the way, step by step, and note the changes.

I count several, not all for the better. That's a new roadside tavern; those thatched cottages have grown slated roofs, that patch of common has been inclosed. That gate of old Glover's has *not* been repaired. Ha, ha, a miser's economy! Here I know every stick on this hedge. That's where the nightshade grows—there the spindle-berries, that's where Jemmy King and I found a sedge-warbler's nest.

The footpath led presently into a lane, half a mile from our village. As I crossed the stile, a man's figure I fancied I had seen on leaving the station, dropped over a gate into the lane from the other side of the hedge. Seeing me, he retreated; I walked on, but heard him following at some distance. A peculiar, shrinking hesitation in his gait started suspicions. He was poorly clad, wore his hat slouched over his eyes, and carried a thick stick. I had only a light umbrella, and a valuable watch and chain temptingly exposed. The spot was entirely lonely, so, preferring to have my tramp in front of me, I stepped aside on the rising bank as though to survey the distant village, and waited for him to pass. He stood still. Objecting to be dogged thus I turned back, to pass him, and so doing stared him sternly in the face. My misgivings died in a burst of laughter.

"Why, Jemmy, man," I shouted cheerily, "yourself, as I'm alive! The first of the old faces I've seen yet. And of all changed things you've changed most for the worst," I mentally added. Was this pale, thin, impoverished-looking being my sturdy prosperous young farmer of five years back? He and his crops might have failed conceivably, but there was further about him a queer nervous shrinking from scrutiny so unnatural to his former self that it startled me as might the sight of burrs growing on an orange tree.

"You've been ill, old chap," I said. "What can a friend do to set you afloat? You've one more in England than you had yesterday, you know."

My greeting seemed simply to confound him. "Master Frank," he faltered unsteadily.

Jemmy King and I had been sworn comrades from seven to seventeen, and fast friends still when, at two and twenty, I sailed for the States.

"Shake hands, man," I continued, seizing the hand he would not offer, "come along, and you tell me about everybody. How's the parson, and that old miser, Sampson Glover, and his scapegrace of a nephew, and pretty Rose Evans whom I left you all courting, and would have courted too, had I seen a chance for myself—"

I checked my rash volley of questions. His face turned livid, his features were distorted with passion, and I recollected Jem's tremendous temper, which had won him at school the nickname of Tiger King; once too, when we were boys and I provoked him

to a fight, his onslaught was so terrific that I still felt a reminder in my shoulder.

"Damnation!" he shouted. "Are you mad, to talk so to me?"

"I think *you* are," I retorted. "Is that how you welcome a man back?"

Eyeing me askance defiantly, "Don't you know?" he said sullenly.

"Know what? my mother never tells me anything. Come on, you tell me."

He shook off my arm fiercely. He was Tiger King again. Disregarding me, he stepped upon the bank to strain his eyes through the trees at the red-tiled church tower, the school-house gables, and thatched barns of Eversfold.

"Cursed fool that I was," he burst out, "to come in sight of the old place—except I'd a knife to lay across my throat here and make an end!"

"Jemmy," I exclaimed, concerned, "what in thunder's amiss? Tell me, and I swear I'll set it straight."

"They'll tell you yonder," he said, "and no living man can set it straight."

"Old pal," I said, at my wits' end, "you've had trouble—that's enough for me to know. If purse or hand can give you a lift, why there's no use I'd sooner put mine to. I'm up in the world just now, but the luck may change, and I know you'd do the same if our places were reversed. Auld lang syne's the word between you and me."

Just for one moment his countenance relaxed, but resisting the feeling he answered shortly:

"I've money to take me where I'm bound."

"Where is that?"

"To the Colorado mines. The 'Cambria' sails to-night, and I go with her. Dead or alive, sink or swim, you'll hear no more of Jemmy King." And with that he turned and ran, and the bend in the lane hid him from sight.

Pained and perplexed, I went on my way; but as I neared home the personal pleasure I felt in returning drowned other sensations, and presently I forgot everything in the arms of my mother, the least changed of all remembered things. You must imagine that meeting, the rush of talk, the eager interchange of questions that filled the first hours. Not until after dinner, in the sudden lull that comes at dessert, when the servants have gone, and the clatter of plates has ceased, did my thoughts revert to that strange encounter, and I instantly began:

"By the way, mother, walking up I met Jemmy King. Never saw anybody so changed in my life. I should hardly have known him."

My mother was placidity itself, by nature, habit and principle,

but my announcement electrified her. The very ribbons and laces of her cap seemed flustered.

"James King here?" she ejaculated in dismay.

"Yes; on Shooter's Hill. What on earth has befallen him?"

"Shooter's Hill? Then they've let him out. Gracious Heaven! How unsafe."

"Out of where?" I asked mystified. "Has he been in a lunatic asylum?"

"In Dartmoor prison," she replied gravely.

"Jemmy King?" I thundered indignantly, springing up. "You're joking. What for?"

"He half murdered a man, that was all," she returned.

My shoulder twinged. I was answered, but ready to swear Jem's victim deserved his fate.

"It must have been under extreme provocation," I said. "Who was the man?"

"Poor Mick Glover, old Sampson's nephew."

"Mick was always a confounded insolent fellow," I said, inclined to make excuses for my old chum, whatever the atrocity into which he had been betrayed. My mother naturally resented such laxity.

"Dear Frank, it is easy to see you are fresh from the land of bowies, revolvers, and lynch-law," she said. "That your neighbour is provoking scarcely justifies you in setting upon him in a lonely field, and knocking the life out of him to the best of your ability."

"Mick must have been *very* aggravating," I said. My mother lost patience, and I apologized. "I can't take it in all at once, or get over it. You know Jemmy and I were like brothers. What was the quarrel about?"

"What, indeed, but that pretty, silly lass, Rose Evans," sighed my mother; and reluctantly I seemed to take in everything now. Before I left, gossip whispered there was something between farmer King and blacksmith Evans's pretty daughter. But handsome dare-devil Mick was a dangerous rival for any swain—wild no doubt, but ladies of every degree overlooked his vagaries, or laid the blame of them on the tradesmen he fleeced, the uncle he sponged upon, the girls he ruined, on every one but Mick himself.

"When King discovered Mick was courting Rose," she continued, "he spoke ill of him to Evans, who forbade the girl to meet him again. Mick, stung to madness, talked lightly of her before King at the 'Cricketers.' High words passed, and the landlord had to interfere. King left in a fury, vowing to murder Mick next time he crossed his path. Mick was advised not to walk home alone, but he started off fearlessly. It was a bright, moonlight night, the other met him by the old chestnut tree in Elmer's field, struck him down and left him for dead. It was a dastardly revenge, for Mick had no thoughts of fighting."

"Jem can't have been sober," I suggested, falling back on the Englishman's pet universal extenuation.

"Neither is the collier who tramples on his wife. King thought he was safe and his victim's mouth was shut, but Mick lived to testify to his would-be murderer."

Unable to defend the culprit, I fell to hitting at his victim.

"And how fares it with our village Lovelace? Is the measure of his mischief yet full?"

"His uncle died soon after, leaving his money to a distant relation. Mick was too free with it to please him. Poor fellow; he had a little of his own, but was in difficulties when he left. He has not been heard of here since."

"And Rose Evans?" I asked.

"Is Rose Evans still. She is not so pretty as she was, but she has had a lesson. The lads don't come round her as they used, but she is better fitted to make an honest man's wife, and since Mrs. Evans died she has devoted herself heart and soul to her old father. But, really, Frank, if King is lurking about on ticket-of-leave, I think the police should be informed."

"No fear, mother. I saw him posting back to catch the Southampton express. He sails for America to-night. May he prosper over there as I have done!"

A forlorn hope. Unto him that hath—capital and connections—will be given. But Jemmy had nothing but a tarnished name.

CHAPTER II.

ROSE EVANS.

PLEASANT, waking in one's old room—first time for five years. I had slept in queer places meantime—half-built shanties, savages' huts, on a tavern table—and the return to a bed-chamber, crammed with comforts and reminiscences of the halcyon boyhood of a widow's only son was disturbing. Had I not dreamt the interval? Was I really five years older?

After breakfast came a long talk with my mother, then the longest walk she ever took—to and from the kitchen garden—then lunch, then a drive, then tea, then I wrote a note to Parker to excuse myself from my engagement, which struck me now in the light of a bore; then feeling as though I should die if I sat still much longer, I pleaded the impossibility of doing justice to the fatted calf at dinner unless I first took a walk. My mother smiled and acquiesced, and I strolled down to the village, as we called the dozen cottages of the scattered hamlet of Eversfold, that clustered hard by the church, each with its small garden, like a large nosegay.

A co-operative store, superseding the old ginger-beer and lolly-pop shop, is a novelty, but looks languishing already. The

school-house stands as of yore, but has acquired a bumptious air that savours of School Board activity. The older rustics have not altered a hair, of course. It takes more than five years, or fifteen, or twenty, to make visible impression on village sexton or clerk. They greeted me pleasantly, but seemed unaware that I had been away anytime.

"There's blacksmith Evans' cottage—mustn't forget *not* to ask after his wife. And there—yes, by Jove—there's his pretty Rose at the door!"

In her dark stuff dress, white cambric apron, and plain cap, she stood, stooping to take the can from the milkman's boy. "Oh, mother, you were wrong," I was thinking. "She's prettier than ever!"

How shall I describe that girl? She was not angelic-looking, nor fairy-like, nor queen-like. She was tall and well-built, with a pretty small head with plenty of thick glossy brown hair upon it—and small features. Neither form, colouring, nor expression, taken separately, was striking, but the whole penetrated you slowly but surely. Her throat was really beautiful, and the dimples on her cheek were to blame for much. It was a placid, still-water style of beauty, and owed its hold partly to your surprise in finding after the first that this demure young person, whom you stupidly mistook for a puppet, had a will and a way of her own. It made smarter, coquettish girls wild to see the men, without exception, desert them to crowd round quiet Rose Evans. Seeing her stand there to-day, so neat, and spruce, and complacent—Rose was not one to undervalue herself—I vehemently resented the calamity she had caused. Never could I forgive her that mischief. She had flirted with that good-looking, fascinating reprobate, Mick, and driven a better man to what by mere chance had not turned out murder. "Serve you right, Miss Rose, if you never get married at all," was my silent masculine invective, as the worst I could hurl. But she looked so fresh, so pretty, and innocent that my tone as I accosted her sounded less distant than I had intended to make it.

"Good afternoon," said I. "Have you forgotten me quite?"

"Not quite," she said, with the least little smile and blush—Rose was for moderation in all things—"but it was such a surprise. Won't you come in, sir? Father'll be home from the forge directly, and ever so pleased to see you."

I followed her into the kitchen, watching her as she stepped into the larder to set down the milk, her tucked-up sleeves showing her rounded, plump arms. There was certainly a demoniacal attraction about that girl. Then again as I marked her nice-fitting dress and smooth plaits, her looks—not a day older at twenty-three than at eighteen, just as if nothing had ever interfered with her rest—the kitchen with its spotless brick floor and shining pots and pans (the Evanses were comfortably off),

I thought of poor ruined Jem and his lot—black-balled, friendless, fighting a hostile world for a broken existence, and my acrimony returned.

"How long is it? Five years?" she asked.

"Long enough to turn the world upside down for some that I know," I replied. She never stirred a feature. Seated under the window-lattice, sewing, she made a pretty, Dutch-like picture. "She's lymphatic," I thought. "I needn't be shy of alluding to past events. It's been up with some, and down with others," I added pointedly.

"It's been 'up' with you," Miss Rose retorted.

"I won't contradict you. To my sorrow I found the case otherwise with another of your old admirers I met yesterday by chance." Rose looked up quickly, thrown off her guard.

"Mick, do you mean?" she asked hastily. "Where? Never once has he sent news of himself since he left here, when his uncle died—that's three years come Christmas."

"How many broken hearts did he leave behind him?" I inquired tauntingly.

Rose bent over her work, drew a hard breath, then answered proudly and low:

"Not mine, for one."

"No, I'll engage yours is whole, if you have one," I thought, exasperated by her imperturbable self-content. "It wasn't Mick I saw," said I; "it was a better man, for all that he's been wearing a convict's uniform, and, if he showed his face here, would be shunned like a leper."

This time I had hit home. Rose dropped her sewing and changed colour. Her lips would not speak his name aloud—she asked with subdued eagerness:

"Is he free?"

"Free, and off to America," I replied. "Where may heaven befriend him in his need!"

Her brown eyes, like a deer's, watched mine intently.

"How did he look?" she asked.

"Very sadly," I told her. "And once an outlaw means always an outlaw too often for men of his mould; but at least where he's gone he'll not have every man's hand against him, and every woman's tongue."

"I wish I had seen him," she said, as if thinking aloud.

"You? That would be too cruel. Why remind him how he came by his fall?"

Rose fired up, resentfully.

"Why do you talk to me so," she exclaimed, "as if I were the one to blame?"

"I think you were to blame," I said bluntly. "You let Jem come courting as if you liked it, and if he grew jealous of Mick do you mean that he dreamt the reason why?"

"I forgot his wild temper," said Rose wistfully; "I scarcely believed in it—he was always gentle when I was there. And I was bound by no promise—I was free to listen to Mick, if I chose."

"So you did choose."

"I might," Rose owned honestly. "He was one of those who make you believe anything; passed his word lightly—only to break it again. It had brought ruin and death to more than one here, and though Mick meant honest by me I let him know I had done with him. It was then he spoke those words which——"

"Which so nearly cost him his life," I supplied, repeating again, "Jem wasn't sober, of course. He never was that way given, but when a temperance man does break out he knows no bounds."

"I never spoke to Mick again," Rose said, as if in self-acquittal.

"All very fine, my maid," thought I; "that will mend nothing now." And I could not help adding aloud, "Small comfort, I fear, to Jemmy King in prison, or battling on among strangers over the sea."

Rose, to my surprise, burst into tears. There, of course, was an end of me and my sermon. "Don't cry," said I, like the helpless man that I was.

"I don't see it was my fault," she said, "though but for me Jem never would have got into this trouble. It's the thought of him now that I can't bear. There's nothing I wouldn't do to help or make amends—if I could—*nothing*."

"What! would you marry him, Rose?" I asked with indiscreet curiosity.

"I would," she said, taking her hands from her face, and speaking steadily and convincingly. "But you know that's impossible. Father would rather see me dead than Jem's wife now."

"Yes, I know." And if confirmation were wanting, it came upon us just then in the figure of the stout blacksmith—true type of the rigid, good-hearted, narrow-minded, inflexible cottage Philistine—as it were a "rural dean," in his gaiters and smith's apron. He had been a popular preacher in his youth, but dissent was not active in Eversfold, and Evans went to church with the rest.

We sat awhile chatting in the porch—watching a village congregation of some half-a-dozen coming out from afternoon service, I beg our new curate's pardon—from evensong.

"That's never Joe Murphy?" I asked presently, as a shock-haired, strange-faced figure, clad in apparently a cast-off suit of the curate's, came ambling out of the porch. "Taken to church-going! That beats everything!"

"He's taken a serious turn, and blows the organ," Evans stated gravely.

In my time he lived under a cloud, as addicted to poaching, presumably, and certainly to gin. Thanks to peculiarities of intellect, induced, probably, by the latter habit, he was treated as more than half irresponsible—an amiable village jester, whose follies are matters of course.

"He's taken the pledge," said Rose, "and kept it nigh on two years. He turned colporteur, and they nicknamed him 'Holy Joe,' but his health broke down, and organ-blowing's about all he's fit for."

I hailed the interesting convert as he passed. "Well, Murphy, good-evening. Where do you come from?"

He touched his cap with pleased recognition, and made reply:

"Faith and it's church I'm always coming from. Mortal long psalm, 15th evening of the month. May you never have to earn a living off making a hellows of yourself, master."

"Glad to hear you're a reformed character," I rejoined with doubtful mind. I thought I discerned possibilities of relapse about "Holy Joe."

"Never touch a drop of spirits now," he declared. "I've forgotten what the taste is like." With a heavy sigh he wished me good-evening and passed on, singing what might or might not be a psalm.

"Has *he* no news of Mick?" I asked suddenly. "They used to be as thick as thieves—those two."

"None," Rose answered. "Perhaps Eversfold is too humble for Mick now."

People used to ascribe Mick's "wildness" to Joe's corrupting influence, but birds of a feather flock together, and with strong-willed Mick, Murphy could never have been more than a shadow.

That evening, opening a blotting-book, I came upon my note of excuse to Parker, posted between those pages by mistake. It was too late now for it to reach him in time. I consulted my mother, who was punctiliousness itself, and decided I must go Monday, as agreed. I should be with her again on Wednesday. On such haphazards hang men's destinies sometimes.

CHAPTER III.

THE SECRET OF SWALECLIFFE CASTLE.

"How far to Swalecliffe?"

I had reached Wood End after dusk on a wild wet evening. The station had more than the usual God-and-man-forgotten look of those wind-swept, rain-rinsed halting places. I spoke to two human shapes, dimly discernible leaning against the palisades—as I hoped, a supine porter and flyman.

"Matter o' mile, mile and a half or two mile," was the gruff

vague reply, denoting the speaker as an independent Sykes or Hodge, with nothing to hope from me.

"I'm for Swalecliffe. Shall I find a trap to take me up?"

A suppressed guffaw of laughter from Hodge. He nudged Sykes.

"Bill, here's a bloke for Swalecliffe. Wants to be took up."

"Swalecliffe Castle," I added; "do you know it?" my question provoking fresh unseemly chuckling.

The missing porter here came to my aid, and after ten minutes, spent by the loafing navvies in cutting in their vernacular incomprehensible but seemingly surprisingly witty jokes at my expense, an open fly was fetched from the inn.

The heavy roads made the short drive almost long. The rain had ceased, and the subsiding wind blew in fitful gusts. Heavy masses of black cloud, like basaltic columns, were drifting away to the horizon. Overhead the sky was swept clear, and the moon shone out with after-rain brilliancy. The vegetation of the country I was passing through seemed strikingly rich. Huge elms, sycamores and beeches overshadowed the road, their trunks wreathed with enormous ivy-growths. Geography was never my strong point, but I fancied there was a river in these parts. Suddenly we left the high road through the gates of a brand-new rustic lodge, and wound uphill through the private grounds of Swalecliffe, a dark drive of half a mile or more. On either side lay a picturesque jungle, shadowed by an overgrowth of enormous forest trees, and stretching on the left hand down a deep ravine, where the extraordinary luxuriance of the vegetation recalled a Carolina swamp. Huge masses of creepers loading the trunks and branches of the trees, made them look like misshapen giants. Below, a dense growth of large ferns, dark laurels and gnarled willows covered a marsh, revealed here and there by a pool of black water caught by the moonlight. The approach, as seen by me that night, was like some fantastic dream—a disordered fancy picture of *Doré's*—where the contorted boughs take half-human forms, and over all hangs some glamour of black magic. It was oppressive, and I felt a sense of relief as we abruptly emerged from the wood.

High and dry on a grassy eminence the Castle rose boldly before me, striking, itself, from its size, its massive strength and picturesque style. The grey stone looked white against the dusky blue sky. It stood, with its pleasure ground and outlying buildings, enclosed by a brick wall, like a veritable old fortress, with machicolated towers, and approach under the gateway of a Gothic stone-fronted lodge—the monster plaything of a merchant prince.

Matthew Parker met me in the front hall.

"Just in time for dinner," he announced. "You've twenty minutes to dress. David, show Mr. Milford his room."

An elderly, fatherly-looking footman led me into a large, lofty hall with a skylight roof. Corridors opened on each landing of the stone staircase we ascended. No wonder Parker was hospitable, with accommodation in his castle for the whole country.

I followed David down a long passage above, at the extreme end of which was my room. As he opened the door, a gust of air from the window left open extinguished his candle. Instead of first closing the window, he hastened back to the landing to get a light. Meaning to supply his omission, I walked into the room—the draught instantly slamming the door behind me.

It was a small oblong apartment, with a window facing the door. The breeze had parted the curtains, and the moon's rays streamed in between them. As I passed the threshold, I was arrested by an impression—unlike anything in my past or subsequent experience—an impression I can never forget, and would gladly never recall—fantastic, instantaneous, startlingly vivid. It was as if some strange, strangely-clad figure were hanging, lurking, in the aperture between the window curtains. I stopped, transfixed. I *know* the spell lasted not a minute, but it seemed an eternity that I stood there alone in the gloom, under a strange roof, shut in with this mystery—the semblance of a figure, and a face that I could not see.

David re-entered with a lamp. As he placed it on the table the moonbeams paled, the appearance resolved itself into an effect of light and shade; and now the man stood in the window embrasure filling the very space occupied a moment ago by another.

As he closed the window and drew the hangings I recovered myself, thinking, "We see faces in the fires, goblin shapes in the branchings of the trees, why not shadow figures in the curtains?"

With David's help I contrived to get down in time. Parker's entertainment was princely, like his mansion. Young people were in the majority, the evening passed merrily in round games and impromptu charades, and at midnight I retired, having laughed away the very recollection of that extraordinary delusion that had signalled my first moments in Swalecliffe.

I found my friend David stirring the fire. The room was more than warm enough, but he showed an anxious solicitude for my well-being.

"I hope you'll sleep comfortable, sir. Can I do nothing more for you?"

"You might draw back the curtains," I suggested, as he seemed desirous to be employed, "it's a warm night, and I've a liking for fresh air."

"I think you'll sleep sounder, 'sir, with them closed," he returned with emphasis.

"I don't mind the moon. You can leave the blind drawn."

"I should recommend you, sir, to adhere to the present arrangement."

"Is anything wrong with the room?" I asked, struck by his odd manner; "for a single man, David, the accommodation is excellent."

"They do say, sir, as something is amiss with this apartment."

"Damp?" I suggested, looking at him.

"Dry as an evangelical sermon," he returned with solemn humour.

"Rats about, eh?"

"Oh no, sir." He paused, then added, "and you don't believe in spirits, sir, of course. Neither do I. Still there's tales and things one can't explain, and if you'll take my advice, sir, you'll just let them curtains be. Good-night to you, sir."

It was with difficulty that I kept myself from betraying the unpleasant shock sent through me by David's parting speech. I had often desired to sleep in a haunted room, but my devout wish at this moment was that Parker had put me anywhere else. Second thoughts assured me it was a mere coincidence. Hundreds of similar cases of ocular delusion are on record. I thought I could privately account for my vision in a way that precluded connection with David's untold tale. And a castle like Swalecliffe would be incomplete without its ghost. I laughed, defied David and the spirit-world, drew back the curtains, went to bed, and slept soundly all night through.

After breakfast on the morrow the guests were left awhile to follow their own devices. I strolled out on the lawn with a couple of county gentlemen to enjoy a morning cigarette. We sauntered some way along the hill, to a mound which afforded an excellent view of the Castle, which we stayed to contemplate.

"Cleverly done, upon my honour," ejaculated Sir John approvingly. "It looks uncommonly well."

"You never thought to find yourself inside Swalecliffe," rejoined the other, laughing.

Something in the manner of their jocularity unaccountably reminded me of those rough loiterers at the station.

"Swalecliffe Castle," the speaker added. "Sounds fine. Well, we shall soon get used to it."

"Get used to what?" I asked inquisitively.

"Why, don't you know?" said Sir John, taking his cigar from his lips.

"Is there anything to know? I am a stranger in these parts."

"Oh, I see." He replaced his cigar. "Well, till last year Swalecliffe was a prison."

This time I started outright.

"Why, what's the matter?" he said laughing, "you don't seem to like the notion."

"I don't," said I, trying, but unsuccessfully, to laugh also. Here was a *second* coincidence, in itself preternaturally strange.

"Well, it was for sale cheap. Capital site, buildings and building material to treat as he liked. The river's taken to over-

flowing, and for that and other reasons the convict establishment has been removed to Southbury, ten miles off. Parker's bought up the land about, and will drain the marsh, so it's been a good thing for everybody all round. But you can't get over it, I see."

"A prison!" I repeated. "There's something lugubrious in the idea."

"Well," quoth Sir John, philosophically, "you can't be particular about the antecedents of a house, as if it were a person. Perhaps Swalecliffe might stand inquiry better than some old family places. It was a model establishment in every way."

I had recovered my self-possession. "Let us hope, then, it is unaffected by sinister associations."

"There is a haunted chamber somewhere, I believe," said my companion, laughing; "but who the enterprising burglar is who comes a burgling is more than I know."

The subject was dropped. But although persuaded not one ghost-story in a thousand is worth investigating, I said to myself this was the one. I must question Parker. Not to-day, not till after the ball. I own I was not sorry that dancing was prolonged till broad daylight. Then only I retired to my room, for which I had conceived the strongest aversion. I rose in good time, as I was leaving after breakfast. Parker did not appear. A slight attack of gout confined him to his room, where I went to bid him adieu, and found him cordial, jocund as usual.

"Always glad to see you at Swalecliffe, remember. We've made a presentable place of it, have we not?"

"If it were possible," I returned with emphasis, "to exorcise gloomy associations you must have succeeded."

"If? Come, say we've done it," he urged cheerily.

"Do you never find nervous people painfully affected by anything here? I have a reason for asking."

"What do you mean?" said he sharply.

"No depressing influences or uncomfortable stories to trouble you or your guests?"

Annoyed, he muttered, "It's those confounded servants. Has that old fool David——"

"He hinted something," I said, "I should scarcely have borne in mind but that *four hours before*, when first stepping into that room, I had a curious false impression—hallucination if you like—that, coupled with his remark, warrants my question."

He shifted his position in manifest impatience, saying, "Now, Mr. Milford, you're a sensible man; tell me what you saw, what you thought you saw."

"I'm a sensible man, I hope, but I fancy, were I to tell you, I should forfeit your good opinion."

He showed no curiosity, only increased vexation at my disclosure. "If this goes on I must pull down the wing—if only to stop people's mouths."

"If what goes on?"

"I slept there myself every night for a week, and saw nothing."

"Has anybody but myself ever seen anything?"

"The servants see something fresh every night. What? Black dogs, white ladies, men in armour, a skeleton rattling chains—nonsense on the face of it."

"Does any story attach to that—cell, I suppose it was?"

"My dear sir, you don't suppose I ever asked. If stories go about I carefully avoid hearing them. But I will tell you the single circumstance I can vouch for in connection with the matter."

"Not long ago we had a lady staying here. She came to give painting lessons to my daughters—a clever artist, but of a nervous, fanciful, hysterical temperament. Knowing this I wished the origin of our castle to be kept from her, but somehow the secret must have oozed out. The builders were still at work, and we were obliged to give her that little room. One night she came rushing to my daughters in a frenzy of terror and excitement at something she said she had seen. They succeeded in calming her, but nothing would ever induce her to re-enter that apartment. Nor at first would she tell us what she had seen there. She was sensitive and saw we were inclined to ridicule her panic. She said afterwards she would *paint* it for us, and she kept her word."

"Have you kept the picture?" I asked eagerly.

"It so happens I have. I meant to destroy it, but put it aside, and forgot."

I petitioned earnestly to be allowed to see it. He yielded at last with evident reluctance. Opening a cupboard in the wall, he took out a large canvas.

"It's a clever bit of sensational painting—theatrical—but makes an effective ghost picture," he remarked, as he placed it in view.

Its effect on me was so strong that my utmost self-command scarcely kept me from betraying an emotion that would have stamped me for ever as a madman or visionary in the mind of my host. How it called back the impression of that night, down to the minutest particulars! The objects in the room seen unequally, some mere dim shadows, others distinct in the moonlight, the open casement with the parted curtains in front, and between them that sinister-looking figure in the semi-grotesque dress with the hidden face.

"You see," said Parker by-and-by, "how easily any one whose brain had been dwelling on the antecedents of Swalecliffe might conjure up such a vision."

I, however, had been ignorant of the castle's antecedents.

"Well," he concluded, "I shall destroy it now. I take no interest in these delusions."

"Will you give it me?" I asked. "I do take some interest in these delusions. I promise you to spread no foolish stories nor exhibit the picture at home."

"As you please," he said indifferently. "But how in the world will you carry away a painting of that size?"

"Easily," I said. Taking my knife I detached the canvas from the wood, and made a roll of it which I could carry in my hand.

The circumstance was too startling, too incredibly strange. I wanted time to recover from the first surprise, which was such that my reason doubted the evidence of my senses.

CHAPTER IV.

"HOLY JOE."

I MISSED the down train in London, dined at the station, not reaching Cross Hills until past nine, instead of at six. Leaving my valise to follow by the carrier next morning, I walked up across country. The footpath I had taken brought me into the lane skirted by the palings of our grounds opposite a gate in them of which I had the key in my pocket. The gate led me into a copse, where at no great distance stood a rustic summer-house I had appropriated as a comfortable smoking lounge—strongly built, heather thatched, lined with matting, and furnished with a rustic table, couch, and chairs. Already, since my return, I had brought thither a few books, writing materials and newspapers that gave it a habitable appearance. I went inside for the purpose of there depositing the ghost picture in security and secrecy, for the place was locked and never visited but by myself. Had I taken the canvas home the servants or my mother would assuredly have ferreted it out, and I had promised discretion to old Parker. I lit a lantern and unrolled the picture, which had become somewhat creased. To stretch it out, I thrust tin tacks through the four corners and fastened it thus to the matting on the wall.

Great goodness! What a horrid, haunting thing it was! I felt constrained to gaze on, though hating the contemplation. How minutely it answered to my hallucination! Or was it only my excited fancy that said so? Presently I began to enter into old Parker's desire to get rid of it. I should have destroyed it then and there had this been an easy task. Then I decided to keep it, at least till the mystery had been cleared up. That very night I would write to the Governor of Southbury and make searching inquiry.

But I could not have it staring me in the face. I took an old sheet of the *Times* and pinned it across; then, taking the lantern, turned to walk home through the wood.

At that moment I heard a thud, as of a man's weight alighting from over the palings on the grass. I turned off the lantern and endeavoured to reconnoitre through a cranny in the summer-house. What should a lurcher be doing at this hour? Easy to guess. The game shop at the next town was notoriously supplied by others than those who had the right to shoot. The moon was veiled, but there was light enough for me to descry the man's figure stealing nearer through the copse. I was no very rigid enforcer of the game-laws, but was none the less eager to take stock of my poacher. It might be for a wife and six starving children that he was earning a dishonest penny; but I should like to know it. As he crept through the underwood I caught a glimpse that sufficed for recognition. By all that's hypocritical, the reformed drunkard, the ex-colporteur, the model organ-blower, Holy Joe!

The rascal disappeared again in the thick of the copse, where, no doubt, his trap was set. It was no case of accomplices or fire-arms, and I was not afraid of tackling Joe Murphy. Whilst he was busy with the trap I slipped out, ensconced myself so as to cut off his retreat towards the palings, and just as he turned to make off with his booty, I dashed at him and collared him.

"Let go, you d—d keeper," he roared, "or I'll swear I caught you doing a job on your own account. Like enough you trapped that bird. Get off," and with a frantic effort he actually shook off my hold. "Take that—and that," hitting out right and left, then, as I closed with him, fighting fiercely as a badger, and showing a savage strength that took me by surprise. I had to defend myself for a minute, then came a sharp tussle, then a well-planted blow of mine levelled him to the ground, where he lay groaning, his valour extinguished, whining out that I had done for him, and it was all over with "Holy Joe."

"Get up," I said, suspecting he was shamming. He shook his head. He knew me now, and gazed at me reproachfully, saying I had broken every bone in his body, and all for a poor little bird he had gone for to kill, just to put it out of its misery. He never could bear to see poor dumb animals suffer! I fetched the lantern and flashed it on his face. It was white and strange. Seeing he either couldn't or wouldn't stir unaided, I got him inside the summer-house. A few moments would show whether he were really hurt—I might have hit harder than I intended—or whether, as I believed, he had got no more than the good drubbing he richly deserved for his delinquencies. I propped him up in a chair and lit some candles. He was pale and trembling, whether from fear, pain, or nervous shock, I could not tell.

"Master Milford," he announced by-and-by with solemnity, "I'm dying."

"Dying? Stuff and nonsense, man," I replied. "You're not damaged beyond a few bruises. I'm doctor enough to tell you

that. Why did you turn on me in that wild-cat fashion? I never thought you'd show fight," I confessed.

"I was always a demon when roused," he said with ludicrous dignity. "There's more than one's felt the weight of this," setting down a flabby fist, "till the rheumatism caught me—all along of long hours in them damp churches."

But as he spoke the clue to all—to his flash of vigour and his swift collapse—betrayed itself, alas, in the corner of a brandy flask, half full, protruding from his pocket. I drew it forth and shook it in his face.

"Rheumatism, you malingering rogue! That's how you prime yourself for raids on my premises. You were half tipsy when I met you Saturday—you who've forgotten the taste of spirits, never touch a drop!"

"Medicinally," he said gravely, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "Under doctor's orders. You're a bit of a doctor, you said. Now you've half killed me, master, least you can do is to order me the restorative."

"No," said I, convinced he had had more than enough. "If you're faint, there's water here." As I moved to the shelf to get the jug, Joe, the instant my back was turned, suddenly recovering the use of his limbs, rose, seized the flask I had incautiously laid on the table, and drained it as if it were water indeed. Then he sank back in the chair with an inarticulate expression of bliss.

"Rascal! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" I said, furious and helpless, "getting relief from the parish, and setting up for a temperance man, swilling brandy enough on the sly to kill a hippopotamus. Drunkard and thief besides!"

He looked at me with hopeless, imperturbable serenity. Neither gods nor men could touch him for just that one moment of ineffable content. The dose had galvanized his damaged wits into quick, confused activity. The string of his tongue was loosed. It never took much to do that.

"Come, there's thieves and thieves," he began. "Some rides on horseback, and some daren't look over a hedge. See that young devil, Mick——"

"Aye, the vagabond," I broke in—for the mere name of him put me in a rage now. "You and he are a pair to match."

"Eh, have you seen him?" asked Joe, his curiosity roused by my warmth. "Where, master? Lolling in luxury, I'll swear, whilst honest, hard-working folks like Joe Murphy starve on crusts. I'd change that, if ever he came back," he added.

"So thick you and he were together," I said, struck by his vindictive tone. Joe, who was growing garrulous, rambled on.

"As comfortable to be thick with he as with a pair o' shears. Shuts on your fingers and cuts 'em off. Tell me where he is, master. If I knew, I'd take it out of him yet; he as lets his old

pal' slave and come on the parish, when a word o' mine could set the police on him for a thief and a robber."

"Serve him right, too," I rejoined. My feelings towards Mick were such that there was something not displeasing to me in any addition to the list of his known misdemeanours, and I tried to draw Joe on—whose wits seemed getting hazier every moment,—by following up his thought.

"I was a fool to let the beggar slide, and trust his word for the swag," he said; then muttered, indistinctly, to himself, "Sampson knew, Sampson knew!"

"Knew Mick was a robber," I struck in, too sharply. It roused Joe's caution.

"Nay," and he shook his head with a sickly smile. "I never said so."

"But so it was," I rejoined, warming to the part I was playing. "Else why did the old man cut him off with a shilling? He couldn't do more."

This argument, spoken as if it were unanswerable, seemed to overwhelm Joe by its convincing logic.

"'Course, why cut him off? Do as you've been done by. Nevvy robbed the uncle, so why shouldn't the uncle rob the nevvy. Ha! ha! Sampson couldn't do more, or he would. No evidence; only *I'd* got that to give. Wish I had. Why should I be tenderer to Mick than his own kith and kin? Answer me that."

"You and he were a couple of infernal dogs," I exclaimed, forgetting myself.

The drift of Joe's confused utterances pointed, it seemed, to some successful attempt of the two to help themselves out of old Sampson's cash-box—an extremely probable occurrence. It revolted my sense of justice that these rogues should escape scot free, whilst poor Jem had to pay the full penalty of his fatal though just anger.

"If men had their deserts," I continued, "I know where you'd be now; and Mick along with you."

He shook his head, stammering with a tipsy smile:

"'But a dog at large is better than a caged lion,' Proverbs says."

"So you robbed Mick's uncle for him?" I resumed quietly, "and you and he divided the spoil?"

But his mistrust was now thoroughly roused. Raising himself from his chair, he said with a manner that showed me I should get no more out of him,

"Don't you try and come over Joe Murphy. I see what you're at. But split me if this old bird's to be caught with chaff. I'm going home."

"Off with you, then," I retorted, resisting the temptation to precipitate his exit with a kick, "and mind, if I catch you after

my partridges a second time I'll have you up, as sure as my name's Milford. Why, mercy on us, man, what now?"

Joe seemed not to hear; a sudden pallor came into his face, his eyes, fixed and dilated, were staring into space, his frame shrank together, he cowered abjectly, terror-stricken, pointing before him with a shaking hand, and faltering out in a tone which for fright and dismay I never heard equalled,

"Good Lord, what's that?"

I thought he was delirious. Looking back, I perceived that the covering had slipped from the ghost-picture. The rays of light so fell on it as to throw out with ghastly weirdness that single, strange, strangely-clad figure with the woollen cap drawn over his face. It might have been an apparition from the other side of the grave. Upon Joe the first effect was appalling. His limbs, his tongue seemed paralyzed. I was about to speak, when he staggered to his feet, shaking as if palsied, and dropped on his knees, faltering,

"It's King! it's Tiger King—dead in prison, as I've seen him, nights when I lay awake. Dead! and come back to carry me off to hell with him. Don't come to me!" and he struck out wildly into the air. "Get to Mick, you gaping ruffian. I'm hung if I ever lifted up my voice against you. Have mercy on our souls!" He covered his eyes, then looked again fearfully, half-crazed, and crying out in desperation, "Don't stand there dangling, as if. . . Lift your cap—let's see your face underneath." Then with a screech that made my blood run cold, and shrinking away, unable to take his eyes off the figure, "It's a death's-head, I know. Find Mick, I tell you; the perjured, cunning rascal! Man's not bound to criminate himself. That's British law, all the world over. I bore you no grudge, Jem, I swear. But what idiot would go lodge a charge against himself when he could keep out of jail by holding of his tongue—kind o' suicide—and that's felony." He shrank back against the wall, growing wilder and wilder in looks and utterance, as he gasped, "I never charged you—no more than babe unborn. Police did that. If Mick swore to you, that was his business. Yours was to clear yourself, if you could. Get off, or I'll dash your brains out, ghost or man. Come near me and I'll do for you, as I did for——" here he choked, staggered, and fell down helpless, in a fit.

For a moment I stood transfixed, dumbfounded, and in bewilderment at his half-disclosures, hints at some hideous mystery in the background. The fear lest he should die now, and with him all hopes of further elucidation, brought me to my senses. I ran to him, loosened his collar, and laid him flat on the couch. Then I hastily refastened the sheet of paper over the picture. His faint was slight, and in a few minutes he opened his eyes. Instantly they darted to the space on the wall, behind me.

"Gone," he muttered, then raised himself, looking round, and

sighing, "Bad dreams makes cowards of the bravest men." He paused, then with a change of expression, turning his eyes on me, "Master," he began, in the same maudlin tone as at first, "I'm dying. You've done for me. It's all over with Holy Joe."

He was no more dying than I was. The morbid fancy was born of brandy. He might, however, have drunk himself to the verge of *delirium tremens*, and possible consequent imbecility.

"If so it be, then, Joe," I said deliberately, "I'd die honest, and leave nothing untold—of the mischief you and Mick were up to together."

"The villain!" cried Joe, resentfully, "*He* brought me to this. I was a harmless chap before. Liked a drop o' Sundays, but what o' that? The better the day, the better the drink, ha! ha! 'Twas Mick set me on for his own ends, and then would have cheated me out of the cash—I who'd had all the pains and the risk."

"He made you rob Sampson's cash-box for him," said I, thrust by circumstances into playing the detective. I was only an amateur, and Joe's face of innocence and surprise, as he asked what I meant, showed he had wit enough left to baffle a cross-examination.

"Oh, that's an old story," I said, indifferently. "Sampson knew."

"No, no—suspected," Joe corrected me. "Police said it was burglars. And the box was never found."

"You hid it so well," I hazarded, taking my cue from the expression of his face, "they may look and welcome."

"Look till the Day of Judgment," said he, "Mick dont know himself. But he had the money, all but ten pound. We were to have shared alike."

"What a swindle," I chimed in, "to give you the job and cheat you of your due!"

"Why, I didn't so much as know where Sampson kept his cash. It was Mick told me of the safe in the wall, and how to get at the key. Simple as A B C. And Sampson never missed it for three days."

"Clever," I rejoined, "so far you scored." Joe pursued,

"Then that night—same night as Mick had that set-to with Jemmy King at the 'Cricketers,' we met, as agreed, by the old chestnut in Elmer's field. And there was only half the cash we'd looked for. 'Twas then Mick, the shark! wanted to get all into his hands. I knew I'd never see a penny if he did. He swore he'd lodge me in jail if I peached. Who'd believe the word of a poor devil like me against him? But I paid him out that night."

I was no actor. Excitement deprived me of all self-control, and vainly I tried to keep from betraying emotion that would rouse Joe's dormant instincts of prudence, as I spoke.

"And you, Joe Murphy, committed the murderous assault for which Jem was found guilty."

"Hullo, what's that story?" he said in a changed tone. But righteous anger forbade dissimulation. I trusted to confound and overwhelm him with the discovery.

"Clear as daylight. You fought Mick, who dared not charge you with the assault lest you should confess all, and implicate him in the robbery."

But Joe's cunning had not quite deserted him.

"You're a smart gentleman," he said, "but Joe's smarter if he's taken you in with his tales."

I saw myself baffled, my hopes discomfited. Every one knows what the self-accusations of a drunkard are worth. I had only words, not a scrap of evidence to rely on. Possibly his tale was the offspring of disordered imagination.

"Well, it's all past and gone," I resumed presently. "And Sampson's dead, so there's nothing to fear from that quarter. Now there's only one thing more: what became of the cash box?"

But Joe, once fully conscious I was trying to draw him out, was not to be imposed on.

"Cash box?" he echoed, surprised. "Why, you don't mean to say you've been listening to a poor, crazed fellow's yarns? I've forgot 'em already."

Provoked to exasperation, I tried a menace, saying severely:

"If you don't answer me now, I'll have you before the magistrate to-morrow, and locked up for a poacher and incorrigible vagabond."

The threat was an utter failure.

"They're Christian gentlemen," he returned, "and won't sit hard on a poor broken-down chap like me. I'll chance it, master."

In despair I was about to let him go, when I was struck with a sudden idea. With a rapid movement of one hand I detached the covering from the picture. Joe, who had not seen the act, was suddenly again confronted with what he took evidently for an apparition. The effect was instantaneous. With scared looks he clutched me, crying wildly:

"Oh, master, see—he's there again."

"Where—what?" said I, looking about. "What do you mean, what do you see?"

"Yonder, Jemmy King, in his prison dress—see the broad arrow everywhere—he wants to throttle me. Pull him off. He's coming after me," and he dashed for the door. I had locked it.

"Murphy, you conscience-stricken coward," I cried, "this comes of your false ways and lying tongue. It's your guilty fancy brings these terrors upon you. Tell the truth and they'll let you go. You and Mick robbed old Sampson Glover and fought about the money. And the cash box—you shall stand here until you tell me."

"Hidden," he gasped out, vanquished at last, "in Elmer's field,

by the old chestnut, three yards to the north, deep underground. There, now, for the love of mercy—help—get me away.”

I flung open the door. Covering his face with his hands, he rushed out. But his head was unsteady, he staggered a few yards then sank down on the grass, clearly unable to get further.

I went to the gate in the fence and blew a long loud whistle, which in process of time brought assistance from the nearest cottages, and some of our own labourers.

“Take this man to the parish infirmary,” I said, “I caught him trespassing, but let that pass; the doctor had better look to him, for he needs it.”

“Let him deny everything to-morrow,” I thought. “I shall know now what his tale is worth.”

CONCLUSION.

It was a chill October eve, four weeks later. My mother thought me demented, for the restlessness that kept driving me out of doors, since within I could not keep quiet. Enough had happened during those weeks to unsettle a rock. First the strange confession that had fallen from Joe’s lips, and the results of the investigation, so far private, that had been instituted, establishing King’s complete innocence of the charge successfully fastened on him. A stranger thing than this had been brought to light and of its strangest feature I alone had knowledge.

I was now disturbed by increasing fears that these revelations had come too late. I had cabled to meet the “Cambria,” but the answer, by letter or in person, I had hoped for eight days ago came not. My telegram might have missed one who probably travelled under some other name—it might have arrived too late, or Jem might have changed his destination, taken another ship, drifted out of reach; and worse and gloomier possibilities suggested themselves at times to my fancy.

A hundred times I had gone down to the station on faint pretexts, till I vowed I would go no more. My walk this evening took me along the lane we called Shooter’s Hill. I was planning advertisements to send to the American papers. The autumn mists rising on all sides made the cattle look colossal, the trees giants, the moon an auroral sun, human forms monsters. I see one coming down the lane, and, do what I will, my pulse quickens. This last week I have seen a hundred Jemmy Kings afar off, and it has always turned out to be a carter, or a pedlar, or the dairyman. To-night, I am clear the person in the distance is *not* Jem—and yet there is a train at about this hour, and his preternatural height may be an effect of the fog. Hurry forward to meet him and be disappointed, I will not. I wait, and as he comes nearer I recognize with a thrill, first his old footstep, then

—my heart bounding with satisfaction—I confront—his old self—not as when we parted last on this very ground, but haler, and bronzed with sea travel, invigorated with revived hope and spirits, surer restoratives than the breezes of the Atlantic.

Being English we shake hands without speaking a word. At last I observe significantly,

“This time you’ll not refuse to walk up with me, Jem.”

Suddenly withdrawing his hand, with a doubt and suspicion that died very hard, he demanded, almost roughly :

“It’s all true, is it, what your message told me? If you did it only to coax me back, though meaning kindly—it’s the worst, cruellest wrong you ever did in your life. Before I go a step farther tell me straight how it stands.”

“Jemmy,” said I, “you’re cleared. Joe Murphy, the real culprit, has confessed.”

“Murphy,” he uttered, amazed—“Mick’s own pal!”

“Say accomplice in theft—Joe, who had drunk himself to the very verge of hopeless imbecility, and was convinced he was dying. But for that he would never have come out with it. They robbed Sampson Glover, and fought over the money that night. Mick dared not get Murphy into trouble by naming him as his assailant. Strong suspicion had fallen on you—only confirmation was wanting. Mick gave it—paid off his grudge.”

“And a curse on his villainy that sent me to rot in prison!” Jem struck in excitedly.

“Hush,” said I, “Mick is out of reach of man’s curse now.”

“Dead?” Jem uttered, his animosity unappeased, “Dead—unpunished?”

“He left Eversfold, and lived in London under an assumed name. He became a partner in a band of sharpers, and two years later was, with them, convicted of forgery, and obtained a heavy sentence—but still under his assumed name, his real one remaining undiscovered. Nor should we ever have known his fate but for a strange circumstance. A photograph that happened to be sent me together with an answer to certain inquiries I had occasion to make of the governors of the Southbury convict establishment, identified him with the prisoner in question. He hanged himself in his cell at Swalecliffe eighteen months ago.”

The effect of this intelligence on Jem was unanticipated by me. It not only sobered his passion, but the shock brought about a slow revulsion of feeling; and when he spoke again it was with an altered manner, as if awed into a kind of contrition.

“Master Frank,” he said, “there’s something comes on me now—something I put out of sight in my trouble. Perhaps you won’t shake hands so hearty when I’ve told you—but I’m not so white now as you’d paint me.”

He was silent as if reluctant to utter his thought, then spoke

with a sombre sort of intensity that was impressive—if not agreeably so—and convincing.

"*I might have murdered him that night, for his talk. I can hear him now, laughing and saying he knew she would follow his whistle, like others we knew—coupling Rose's name along with theirs! It wasn't the drink, as they said, it was the devil took hold of me then; I could have killed him there, but they held me back. I swore an oath. 'Perdition take my soul, but you sha'n't get home alive.'* I meant it. They turned me out, but I stood waiting for him two hours at the cross-roads where he used to pass. I meant to force him to a fight; but there could be no fair fight between a slip lad like him and me. He never came. Had I gone home straight from the 'Cricketers,' I could have cleared myself, easy. But one had seen me hanging about there in the dark, another come in late, in a madman's temper. I myself could give no clear account of the time between; and my own words and acts rose up in witness against me. I felt dazed, stupid-like—and waked slowly from that devil's dream to find myself in a convict gang."

"My poor fellow," said I, "you have more than expiated your rash oath, which I take leave to doubt you would have followed up with a crime."

As we walked on Jem grew calm again, and he told me how his voyage had been prolonged by an accident to the ship. I told him how I had arranged that he was to come home with me, and stay there quietly till the inquiry was concluded, when the facts would be made public.

"Do they know in the village?" he asked.

"One knows," said I, "I told her, Jem; she is waiting and watching for you."

Jem's attempts to preserve a manly indifference were most unsuccessful.

"Not married yet?" he asked constrainedly, "But what's that to me? She never cared."

"She cared enough," I returned, "to have married you when you came out of prison a month ago—had it depended on her."

"*Rose Evans?*"

"Rose Evans—she told me so then. For my part, Jem, I should ask no more than that of any girl."

Jem held his tongue; we were approaching the pleasure ground at home; our way led us past a green that lay near the back entrance, planted with sycamores and elms. I resumed:

"She has been at the house to-day, to do some needlework for my mother. Suppose, Jem, that should be her now, leaving the gate."

He had descried her already. She had seen us and stopped, uncertain what to do. Even at this distance I seemed to feel the charm of those soft full outlines, the pure bloom on her rounded

cheek. Jem too had stopped dead—my destiny clearly was to join the hands of these shy village lovers.

"Won't I startle her too much?" faltered Jem tremulously and low like a girl.

"It will be no surprise," said I. "These three weeks she has looked for it every day. It was I who despaired—she never did."

Under the elms I left them. Call no man unlucky until he is dead.

A few days more and Jem will be the talk of the village—again a little while, and Rose will be a bride. Jem has suffered certainly, but I foresee for him rarer compensation than the Home Secretary can bestow.

And the secret of Swalecliffe Castle? I have told the thing as it happened, let who will try to draw conclusions. One more added to the list of evidences of things unseen; tales over which fools laugh and wise men ponder.

F. MILFORD.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

ILL-HOUSED, ill-lighted, exposed to danger from fire and other accidents, the valuable National Portrait Gallery, for some years stored in a mere shed in South Kensington, has been transferred for an indefinite period to the excellent rooms of the Exhibition buildings in Bethnal Green, East London, while proper accommodation is being built for the works of art which are indeed a treasure-house of National biography. Owing to the unattractiveness of the building in which they were lodged, these pictures have never met with their full due of public appreciation, but this, in their better housing, seems likely now to be theirs. The collection is a truly representative one whether viewed from the historical, artistic or ethical point of view. The portraits, which are hung in a light, cheerful gallery and on walls and screens of a neutral tint, are grouped according to periods, set forth on labels legible to all. Affixed at a lower range of vision is the title of each picture, with such particulars as render the whole more intelligible to the general visitor. Well-known characters are apportioned but a very few words; others have all the distinguishing features of life and character more fully explained. For those whose leisure or taste impels them to a deeper interest and more extended study, there is an invaluable catalogue compiled by Mr. George Scharf, keeper and director. This gallery of British worthies embraces the period between 1300 and the present day. Among the earliest of the paintings (for the sculpture is in most cases of a date prior to these) is a full-length portrait on a small scale of Chaucer. From the "father of English poetry" down to Thomas Carlyle there is an almost unbroken line in the representations of the choice spirits in literature and art. Chaucer is depicted, in accordance with his own description of himself, as corpulent, with a small face and an elvish habit of looking on the ground. Poetry altogether is pictorially to the fore. Of Shakespeare there are two portraits and a cast of the face from Stratford-on-Avon church. One is the celebrated Chandos portrait of which Dryden wrote:

"With reverence look on his majestic face,
Fond to his loss, but not his death to trace."

of the man portrayed, and also shows no mean power in the painter, who is usually thought to be Richard Burbage.

Of severer mien are Milton and Marvel, whose names naturally recur together, associated as they were by sympathy of mind and purpose, and linked together by the interests of the State. Not far distant hangs Howard, Earl of Surrey, the ill-fated soldier and poet, the author of the first blank verse in the English language, into which he translated two books of Virgil's "*Æneid*." Quarles, whose fame rests chiefly upon his quaint emblems, has a two-fold interest—for the sake of the man, who looks precisely as we might have imagined this careful and fantastic scholar, and for the sake of his portrait, which is the work of William Dobson, the first English-born painter of acknowledged distinction, whom Charles I. christened the English Tintoret. There is also an autograph portrait of the artist.

The Laureate Dryden, famous for his satire and political poems, and Prior, who in the "*City and Country Mouse*" did his part towards holding up to ridicule the fantastic "*Hind and Panther*" of the former, are not far from each other. Collections of this nature bring strange companions cheek by jowl and ignore the quarrels of centuries. Recollections of *Gulliver's Travels*, and various *bon-mots* bespeak a lively interest in the portrait of the witty Dean Swift. He is painted in a wig of the period, very glossy, with long curls reaching down to his shoulders, from out of which he gazes at us with his close-shaven face and grey-blue cold eyes. For other reasons a beautiful head of Cowley, the poet and naturalist, is of interest. For tone and feeling it stands in the front rank of the art of this period; the only thing approaching it being the fine portrait of the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's Essex, who looks indeed the personification of generosity, rashness, and personal bravery. Essex's portraitist is unknown. Cowley's was Mrs. Beale, the best female portrait-painter of the 17th century. She has limned her subject's face as quite womanly in the refinement and delicacy of his youth. Remarkable by way of contrast is the picture of Ben Jonson, upon whose features the rough associations of earlier years have left their mark. Yet withal, the face, as might be expected, is full of kindly humour; we feel the man's power and are inclined to cry also in our turn "O rare Ben Jonson!"

Full, too, of human interest are the many portraits of Sir Walter Scott, than whom none has cast a deeper spell upon the imagination, nor compelled more respect for honourable deeds. We can see him as an old man, or behold him in the prime of his fame. Here is the famous portrait by Sir William Allan, representing the author of "*Rob Roy*" and "*Waverley*" in the latter part of his life, when he was about 70 years of age. He is shown in a three-quarter view, seated in a high-backed chair, with his right hand resting on his knee, and his left hand on the arm of the chair. He is wearing a dark coat over a white waistcoat, and a dark cravat. His hair is white, and he has a full white beard and mustache. The background is a simple, light-colored wall.

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"With reverence look on his majestic face,
Proud to be less, but of his god-like race."

The portrait, which is painted on a rough canvas of homespun texture, is worthy of its great fame. It reveals the inward nobility

of the man portrayed, and also shows no mean power in the painter, who is usually thought to be Richard Burchage.

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"The still life is painted from the original in Abbotsford; the vase was the gift of Lord Byron. The keys hanging by the window are those of the Heart of Midlothian, or the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh. The sword suspended from the book-case belongs to Montrose, and the rifle, surmounting the various articles hanging over the mantel-piece, to Speckbacher, the Tyrolese patriot. Near the book-case are hung an ancient border-bugle, James VI.'s travelling flask, and the sporan or purse of Rob Roy McGregor. Behind the bust of Shakespeare is Rob Roy's long gun, above which is Claverhouse's pistol, and, below, a brace, formerly the property of Napoleon. The stag-hound lying at Sir Walter's feet is Maida, his old favourite.

Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Keats, and Mrs. Browning are also included in the list of famous writers, as also others who flourished in the period between Ben Jonson and the last named. Of Byron there is a peculiarly interesting picture painted by Thomas Phillips, R.A., representing the bard in Albanian costume, and wearing a turban of variegated colours, under which his large grey eyes peer out with unusual brilliance.

George Eliot also appears in the throng. Her face is one to be remembered by its look of intense sympathy and yearning. Other novelists to be here seen are Richardson of "*Clarissa*" fame, Thackeray, a marvellous likeness of the man, unfinished though the painting is, and Dickens. The creator of "*Oliver Twist*" is depicted by Ary Scheffer, who gives him the strained, far-away gaze with which he endowed all his subjects, and which makes his portraits so false to nature.

One yet more modern portrait is that of a Parliamentary reporter, the first, in fact—William Woodfall, of the *Advertiser* newspaper and *Morning Chronicle*. This man's memory was so retentive that he could write sixteen columns of the debates in as many hours, without having taken a single note to assist him. Among painters are the three Presidents of the Royal Academy, Reynolds, West, and Lawrence, also Bewick, the restorer of the art of wood engraving, best known, perhaps, from his accurate observations in natural history and his skill in the delineation of animals. Dear to all lovers of rustic scenes and of dogs will be the portrait of Wilkie; while Landseer holds the crown as king of the beasts. Nearer in point of time to Bewick stands Blake, poet and engraver. It is a pathetic portrait as it looks out from its frame with large grey animated eyes that bespeak the seer of visions and things intangible. Among sculptors there are Nollekins and Flaxman, the classical Chantrey and Gibson. Here, too, is Opie, the Cornish artist of humble birth, the husband of Amelia Opie, the novelist, the man accredited with the old joke that it is needful for an artist to mix brains with his colours. Near by is Copley Fielding, the popular water-colour painter, who made landscape and marine subjects his speciality. As one of the

original members of the Royal Academy, as well as for the varied manifestations of her talent, Angelica Kaufman, too, claims notice. She has painted her own portrait, as have also the historical painter, Mortimer, and the more popular George Morland. Indeed many of the artists appear in autograph.

Earliest among musicians stands Thomas Britton, usually known as the "musical small-coal man," because he was a coal-vendor by trade and a musician by pleasure. He was the first to establish musical concerts, and although the accommodation he could offer was mean, his performances were attended by the most fashionable company of the day. Even Handel and Pepusch performed at them. Britton was seen in the morning with his sack and measure, as shown in the picture, carrying small coal, and in the evening presiding at his entertainment. Handel himself, looking as majestic as his creations, is a pleasing portrait, and Bishop, of glee fame, is interesting if only from pleasant associations connected with his works. The paucity of portraits in this division is rather remarkable. It would seem that the charge of not being a musical nation were true if the representative character of the collection be an adequate one.

The Drama has among its interpreters Garrick, whose splendid face forms the sure index to his universal powers; Kemble, the unrivalled personator of classical parts, and his sister, Sarah Siddons, the tragedy queen of the English stage. From the artist's point of view alone these pictures command attention.

Among well-known social characters of an earlier period gossipy Pepys finds a place, as does also the first Earl of Shaftesbury. By reason of the recent loss to philanthropy in the death of his descendant, he is probably invested with a borrowed interest. His own character is, however, worthy the admiration bestowed on it by Dryden in his well-known verse in "Absolom and Achitophel." Howard, the prisoner's friend, and Mrs. Fry always command a grateful notice. Jeremy Bentham, whose writings had the same end in view, and had the effect of still further improving the prison system, earns but little gratitude, being chiefly recognized as a dry-as-dust political economist, and such indeed he looks in the portrait of him painted at the age of eighty-one. It is strange to compare the canvas with one painted of him at the age of thirteen, when the precocious boy had already written a copy of verses on the accession of King George III. Wilberforce and Clarkson, as the friends of the slave, touched the heart of the nation and their portraits awaken a sympathetic chord. The same may be said of "Father Mathew," who, as the Apostle of Temperance, wrought such wonders.

Owen and Lancaster appeal to a narrower circle of admirers than these, while Cobden probably appeals to the widest. The face, like the man, is full of large-hearted sympathy and strong purpose.

In the front rank of human benefactors Livingstone claims to stand, though only represented by a small pencil sketch. Here too Arnold of Rugby must have a place, whose bust reveals at once the face of one who united the affection of friendship with the authority of command. Joining hands with these are the men of discovery. First come Sir Charles Bell and Harvey, to both of whom posterity is so largely indebted for its knowledge of its blood and nerves. Then follow Priestley, Faraday, Livingstone, Watt, Herschel, Stephenson, Arkwright, Newton, and Hunter, all worthy names among the worthiest of scientists. Scarcely less interesting are the portraits of military, civil, and ecclesiastical heroes or notoriety of the immediate or the long past. But who shall name them all? To do so would be but to transcribe the catalogue. Among those of Anglo-Indian fame are Lord Clive, the founder of the British Empire in India; Warren Hastings, its first Governor-General; Sir Charles Napier, who as Governor of Scinde applied his best energies to the improvement of the people; Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, Commander-in-Chief, who brought the Indian Mutiny of 1857 to a close. Sir James Outram also worthily fills a place, but the gallant Havelock is missing—a fact to be regretted.

Of Nelson there are two portraits, while among seamen of an earlier age are the circumnavigators Dampier, Anson, and Cook.

Statesmen, both of the present and past, are well represented. Among the former will be found all the well-known men of the eighteenth century, and many of the deceased ones of our own. Among the earlier are Sir Thomas More, Wolsey, and Lord William Russell. All of them interesting and two of them noble portraits. Sir Thomas More hanging next Wolsey suggests some strong contrasts. So also do John Knox and Archbishop Laud. Interesting too is Sir George Hayter's large canvas, representing the interior of the House of Commons during the moving of the Address to the Crown, at the meeting of the first reformed Parliament, 5th February, 1833. Few of the members who sat in Parliament fifty-two years ago remain in public life, but the portraits include those of Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Ailesbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Strafford, Lord Forester, Lord Cottesloe, Sir Thomas Gladstone, Lord Aveland, Lord Winmarleigh, Lord Portman, Lord Mansfield, and the present father of the House of Commons, Christopher Rice Mansel Talbot, member for Glamorganshire then as now.

Of royal personages there is a goodly array, from Henry IV. to Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort. Very curious are these earliest portraits, of which unfortunately there are so few, as for example one of Richard III. that expresses all his cruelty and craft; of Edward VI., that shows us a slender, consumptive lad; of Henry IV. clad in the long hanging head-dress in fashion in his day.

Of Queen Elizabeth there are no less than five paintings, all characterised by the gorgeous taste of their owner, and finished with the care in detail, which marks the period of art. The various portraits of Mary Queen of Scots do not fulfil the expectations concerning her beauty; though one, with a strange likeness to Sarah Bernhardt, induces us to think that her charm lay rather in subtle expression and grace than in real beauty of feature. Sir Walter Raleigh is far more satisfactory from his romantic, adventurous look.

Very pleasing are the faces of the children of Charles I. caressing a huge mastiff. It is the first evidence of a leaning toward pictorial effect, apart from the mere embellishments of dress, that we come across in this gallery. This same period is rich in Court portraits painted by the noted Sir Peter Lely and his successor, Sir Godfrey Kneller. It is remarkable that no portrait of the first Charles is seen excepting a bronze bust. The second Charles is, like his court, well represented and in their turn represent their age. This, indeed, is one of the main objects of this as of any other historical collection, which only fulfils its purpose in the measure in which it awakens interest in the past and its lessons.

Such briefly, for space warns towards an end, is the British Historical Portrait Gallery, numbering several hundreds of examples, not one of which, either by reason of its theme or its treatment, can be said to be void of interest. The Exhibition can be utilized as an admirable popular introduction to English History—one in which whosoever runs may read.

THE NEW EDUCATIONAL MOVEMENT.

A GREAT educational movement has begun in England during the last few months—a movement for which the time seems fully ripe, and which is likely to bring forth marked and fruitful changes—changes which are for good, and good only, in both our social and national life. This movement, too, is beginning, as all great movements must, from below; it is beginning with those who, though they yet wot not of it, have more power in their hands than any other class not only to inaugurate movements, either for good or evil, but also to carry them through to their fruitful or their bitter end—the working men of England. And the movement is the outcome of wants strongly felt by sensible men—more strongly felt with every month that rolls by. The working men have roused, and are rousing, daily, hourly, more and more, to see and understand the needs of their children, their own needs, and our needs as a nation, if we are to keep our place among nations. The education their children are getting in the elementary schools does not satisfy the real wants of the wise among them, and this movement on their part, from which so much is hoped, is the direct result of the clearer insight into these needs that they have gained, and their consequent determination to have for their children an education which shall be more of a reality and less of a name, more of bread and less of a stone, than that which we now give them.

For what have we done for the poor in the matter of Education? It may be frankly and truly said, without one touch of exaggeration, that we have done marvels. It is almost incredible that only a short fifteen years have gone by since the Education Act was passed, and that so much has been wrought in so short a time. "The progress made has been enormous," was the observation made by Lord Aberdare on this point, when lately presiding over a conference upon education under healthy conditions at Manchester, and all who know anything of the subject must endorse the remark. The good done so far is simply untold, but all the more for that we cannot afford to stop where we are. If we do no more than we have yet done, we are actually doing with one hand and undoing with another: in some respects it may even be said that we have done worse than nothing. As another speaker at the Manchester conference said, "We have built up at enormous expense a colossal system of primary education, and we are

allowing the results of it to be largely wasted and destroyed ; " and the accusation is but too true.

What are the facts ? The children of our working people can all leave school at the age of thirteen in any case, or at fourteen if they are half-timers. But those who are intelligent and clever children—those in fact whose powers most need training and discipline—can leave much earlier. In most places a child who has passed the fifth standard can be removed by its parents at any age, and in Liverpool, and some other large towns a child can be removed if it has passed the fourth standard. Cases are not unknown of children passing the standard and leaving school at eleven. Let every reader look back and remember what he or she was at eleven, twelve, or even thirteen, and say if it is well that training should end there ? We cease to educate and train at the most trying, the most important, in some respects the most malleable period of the child's life ; we thrust it out into the world, exposed to all evil influences at the moment when it is most easily influenced, when new thoughts, new feelings, new instincts, dimly comprehended desires, are struggling within it, and we leave it to itself. Is it likely, is it probable, that one child in ten will retain anything useful of all that it has with toil acquired ? All that the labour and effort of both child and teacher have so painfully won has hitherto been only too often utterly wasted and destroyed within the next *two years*. The testimony on this point is overwhelming both from town and country, but we cannot stop to quote it now. The parents in too many cases hitherto have only been eager to reap the benefits of the child's earnings. More over-pressure comes from home-goading for this purpose than from any other cause. The child, whether from mistaken methods, or because it is too young to have overcome the natural dislike of application, has generally among its school acquirements acquired a distaste for learning : it is anxious to enjoy the sweets of freedom and of earning money, and to believe itself grown to man or woman. Although the education of the streets and of poor homes is a forcing one, and the poor man's child is generally older in experience for its years than a rich man's child, yet at twelve or thirteen it has not reached that period of rapidly developing intelligence which most educated men and women can remember as a marked point in their own youth, when knowledge makes a permanent impression and comes to be beloved for its own sake ; no strong inducements to pursue any studies are held out ; physical weariness from unwonted labour leaves it incapable of origination and effort, youth and ignorance of the commonest manual work or drawing unfit it for the technical school, and the evenings, the only leisure time, are too often spent in half-weary loafing, or in riotous undesirable play about the streets, or else the scanty pocket money is squandered in visits to the penny gaff or low-class music-hall, where the

jaded childish imagination can get the stimulant it craves—bright colour, gay scenes, merry music, something to excite and interest both mind and senses, though not in the wisest or most healthy way. Ninety-six per cent. of the children in some places, in others between eighty and ninety per cent. make no effort whatever to keep up their education. And if this be so with the children of respectable working men, what are we to say of the children of a lower class still? We have forced them into our schools, we have taught them to read and write, we have sharpened their wits and quickened their mental powers generally, and we dismiss them from our care before they have acquired strength or principle to guide them in the conduct of life, with the consequence that too many of them return to their gutters and street corners just as ready to prey upon society, and tenfold more able to do so than were their uneducated predecessors in ante School-board days. These are the children who swell the ranks of our criminal and out-cast population, who, with no visible means of earning a livelihood, crowd the slums of our great cities, who come to live lives almost animal in their degradation, and who are undoubtedly a misery to themselves, and a danger to society and the State. Let those who work amongst the poorest of our poor, and really know them, say if this is not the truth.

Nevertheless, it is true that by the education we have bestowed on them we have also given these children a chance in life, but the education is not altogether that best fitted for their needs. It is too literary, too wordy, dealing too much with the shadows of things, and too little with realities, occupied too much with reading and talking and too little with doing. Some undoubtedly are able to seize the chance, slender though it be, but too many cannot grasp it.

Moreover, by means of science schools, technical schools, university extension, and other classes such as nearly all our large towns can show, we are doing much to help the education of both young men and girls from sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen years old and upwards: we are giving them stepping-stones by which they can reach the universities themselves, but we are doing nothing as yet, or comparatively nothing—nothing certainly as a nation to bridge over, for the multitude, this great gulf between the ages of twelve or thirteen and seventeen. We have made as it were two great kingdoms of knowledge—the children's kingdom, and the young men's kingdom—but they are separated by a great gulf profound, and across it we have thrown (by our higher grade schools, councils of education scholarships, &c.), slender foot-bridges on which one or two at a time, if blessed with peculiarly steady heads, can perhaps cross and gain the advantages which we profess to hold out to all. And while we thus, as has been already said, allow the children leaving our schools to lose in the first two years most of the learning they have gained, how can we

expect when they come to be men and women, and learn by hard experience that knowledge is power, that more than one or two here and there will have the courage to take up again the weapons that have grown rusty and useless, and attempt to reconquer for themselves the realm of knowledge, and destroy the powers of ignorance?

These facts are pressing daily more and more upon the attention of all, rich or poor, who concern themselves with social problems and the great questions that affect our national life and well-being. The spur of self-interest, too, is thrust sharply into our sides to urge us to action in the matter, by the knowledge that far more is done on the Continent than in England, particularly in Belgium, Germany, and France, by means of "continuation schools," to carry forward the education of the working classes alike in all species of training, manual and physical as well as intellectual and moral, with the result that our workmen are being outdone, and fail to compete with their Continental brethren in skill and handiness.

What remedies do we propose for this state of things? First, there is the proposal so ably and warmly advocated by Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P. for Liverpool, that the Government should establish Industrial evening schools for boys and girls from thirteen to sixteen, at which attendance should be compulsory on all children who are not already either attending evening schools or put to some trade or means of supporting themselves. This is intended to meet the case of the gutter children already referred to, whose parents, themselves belonging to the dangerous or loafing class, are not anxious to provide their children with any real work, or means of getting on in life. At present these children are a continually increasing danger and burden to the State. By the time they reach the age of sixteen or seventeen they are hopelessly confirmed in bad habits, idleness, dirt, and dishonesty. As emigrants they are just as hopeless, for knowing not one trade if they are induced to emigrate they fall at once into the ranks of the great army of ignorant labourers; their vicious habits go with them, they become a curse to their new country as they were to the old one, and most justifiably the new countries object to receive them.

For these children compulsion is absolutely necessary: we must, as Mr. Smith observes, make the meshes of the net small enough to catch them all. His scheme is not a costly one; he calculates that half-a-million would do it all to begin with, and be largely though indirectly repaid to the ratepayers by the economy that would in time be effected by the diminution of numbers in the criminal classes, the supply being cut off at its source. The schools would be open three times a week for two hours, the boys would be taught carpentry, blacksmith work, and other trades by workmen; the girls cooking, laundry work, and sewing, including dressmaking for themselves.

But excellent as this scheme is, it meets only—it is intended only to meet—the needs of the children of degraded parents. What can we do for the children of respectable working people? How can we prevent the waste of all the education they have already received? How can we help them forward for their work in life? How can we bridge over for them the dangerous passage of the years from thirteen to seventeen, and make it easy for numbers among them to claim the advantages which are every day more freely held out to them from universities and colleges?

It is these questions that the workmen of England are arising in their strength to answer. The great movement spoken of in the beginning of this paper is the practical answer they are giving. They are ready and eager to help themselves in this matter—they only ask the friendly co-operation of the class above them.

The first step was made in Nottingham, now more than a year ago, when, on the opening of five new evening schools, the School Board, in answer to a request from the Trades Council, appointed seven working men as managers of each school. This is a grand step. The men are well able to deal with the question. It concerns their most vital interests: they know what they have wanted themselves and had to do without; they know what they wish their children to have. But, more than this, they can do what no rich man, no gentleman, can do: they can create a public opinion in their own class on the subject, and the importance of this cannot be overrated. Through the Trades Unions they can influence their fellow-workmen; they can and do urge the clergy of all denominations and employers of labour to use their influence to get the children to attend these schools, and the result of their efforts is that in one year the attendances at these evening schools have doubled.

But this is not all—much more remains behind. This year the Board are petitioned to add to the seven working men as managers of each school two ladies, who will devote that attention and interest to the girls' classes which working women are not able to give, and will offer their friendly advice and assistance to the men in all matters in which they can be of use, and specially in register and book-keeping and such work, which is often burdensome to working men.

And those who are managing these night schools have remembered for whom they are intended; that they are schools for tired children who have laboured all day and must be allured to school (for there is to be no compulsion), and both interested and recreated while there, or they will be physically unable to learn.

How is this to be done? Very simply. An appeal is made to those instincts found in every child—those very instincts which lead them to the penny gaff and the music-hall—the love of music, of singing, and of bright colour; and further, the work, the lessons,

are at every possible point linked on to and connected with the pupil's daily life, so that both are vitalised by the connection.

Before me lies the "Nottingham School Board Evening School General Provisional Time Table," for the session 1885-6, and there are several points in it worthy of attention. First we may note a very sufficient amount of time is allotted to the "three R's," without which of course no support could be obtained by the school from the Education Department. This is quite right. Taking the reading for instance, it is marked on the table as of different kinds—Historical, Easy Scientific, or General. But we find further (oh, wonderful and happy innovation in any school!) that all reading is to be illustrated by the magic lantern. Could any scheme have been devised more likely to tempt to school children, tired with the dull sights and sounds of workshops, wearying, though they know it not, for something that, by healthily stimulating their mental powers and emotions, will lift them out of themselves? We have as yet hardly begun in the faintest degree to appreciate the uses of a magic lantern as a help in imparting knowledge: it has been hitherto far too much of a toy. Writing is taught in teaching how to write a letter, or in dictation, which can itself be used to explain some part of the boy's daily work, to emphasize Science Teaching given in some other way, or better still, to give that purest pleasure, that exaltation of feeling, which comes from the study of heroic lives, and from learning how the greatest men were tried and troubled even as we are, and how they overcame. Arithmetic is taught so as to be directly useful. For the boys it is taught with mensuration, and otherwise connected with their work. For the girls it is "shopping arithmetic," which, if the teacher is competent, at once lifts the study from the realm of the uninteresting and wearisome into the keenly interesting and pleasant.

But two class or specific subjects are allowed also; these are for boys—First, some Science subject taught orally by short lecture—that is, with the black-board freely used, frequent questions and answers, and above all diagrams or pictures and experiments. Secondly, drawing, which, having been long neglected, has at last been recognised as it should be as the necessary foundation of all skill in handicraft, and receives a grant from the Department, and along with drawing and design, to verify and illustrate its principles as it were, easy carving and modelling, which are a pure delight to most boys of fourteen and upwards. For the girls, practical cookery and easy dressmaking, ranking as needle-work, are found both to be attractive and to supply their needs. In a later period practical laundry work on sound principles might, it is suggested, take the place of cookery.

Nor is this all. Amid this refreshing and stimulating treatment for the mind that hard-worked slave of the mind, the body, is not

to be neglected or forgotten. The absolute refreshment and recreation of the body found by children in judiciously taught calisthenics or drill, with bright musical accompaniment, can hardly be appreciated by anyone who has not seen a class at work, and noted the thorough enjoyment of those taking part in it; and once a fortnight half-an-hour is devoted to this pleasure, while nearly every school evening ten minutes is given up to it. Lastly, but by no means least in its general influence, both boys and girls are taught to sing.

Let no one say this cannot be done. It has been done—it is being done in Nottingham; we hope it will be done in every town of any size throughout the kingdom before three years have elapsed. Surely it is something little less than a scandal that these magnificent edifices, these Temples of Education scattered through our land by the action of School Boards, should in so many cases stand dark and empty, silent and useless, all through the long evening hours, while the boys and girls who crowd the streets around are absolutely going to destruction for want of healthy interest and employment. Already in London, in Manchester, in Sheffield, in Bristol, and in Liverpool the Trades Councils have memorialized or are memorializing the School Boards to grant them the use of their schools for these evening classes, and appoint working men as managers, and it is hardly probable that anywhere such a request will be refused. It ought, one would suppose, to be both heard and granted with a sense of untold joy (if Boards are capable of such a feeling)—joy that the working men at last understand the great problem of the hour in the education of their children, and are themselves willing and able to solve it. In London it seems probable that before this paper is printed no less than hundred and twenty schools on this new system may be opened.

But, objectors will at once say, how is the teaching to be done? The Boards may help you in teaching subjects provided for in the Code, but what of your musical drill, modelling, wood carving, singing, and dressmaking? You cannot expect the Board to take account of these things?

Quite true, and it is here that the other than working classes may help in a kindly generous spirit, which, though the work to be done seems to be simple, may yet go far to regenerate society, and link class to class. An association is to be formed in each town where these schools are started of persons interested in the education of the people, and it is to consist of members willing to help either by their money, or by giving their voluntary services as teachers or helpers at these classes. Such an association exists in Nottingham. All the studies referred to by our objecting friends are taught by voluntary teachers, and voluntary teaching is often forthcoming for Science subjects also. Working men as well as their richer friends are frequently

able to give help in this way. Once a month the members of the association meet the School managers to co-operate for the success of the classes; once a month too a social gathering is held in each school for Readings, Music, &c., by the managers, the voluntary helpers, and the pupils, to which parents are invited; and this is a most important point as affecting public opinion in the working classes. In London a provisional committee has been appointed to start this association, and its chairman is the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"But you are taking the children out of their homes," cry other objectors and alarmists. To this there is but one answer to be given, the pointed question: Are they in their homes now? Walk through the poor streets of London, Manchester, or Liverpool, at nine o'clock, and note the girls and boys who positively throng them in many parts, and say can anything be worse for them than such nightly loitering, romping, dancing, and rough playing? If there is fear felt about the going home, it is proposed to dismiss the girls ten minutes before the boys, and it might be possible too, as they seldom work so late as the boys or need so much cleaning up after work, to begin their class a little earlier. And we would ask, is more or less harm likely to be done by going home together from school, with minds refreshed by healthy interests and new ideas, than by going home together at a much later hour from the penny gaff?

"But the expense?" inquires another objector. How is that to be met? Expense is a bugbear which in this matter need frighten no one. In Nottingham last year, apart from the hire of pianofortes, which in many towns would not be required, as most Board Schools have them, the extra expenses of the evening schools were £2. For this fact and many others as well as for much lucid explanation of the scheme and its bearings, I am indebted to Dr. Paton, of Nottingham, who has thrown himself heart and soul into this great work, and all over England has been assisting the working men to formulate their wishes and arrange their plans. It is, however, his opinion and that also of most persons who have looked into the working of evening schools that an effort should be made to induce the Education Department to do two things. First, to halve the standards for evening schools, so that pupils who after all can only in most cases make 60 attendances per annum shall not be expected to advance at the same rate of progression as the pupils in day schools with 200 attendances; and secondly, to make the whole examination less rigid and more sympathetic, more a test of general intelligence than of mere memory, of advancement in power of all the faculties rather than of the acquisition of bare facts. But this is a subject beset with difficulties, and which will not be easily dealt with.

Surely, however, we have offered us in the movement an opportunity such as never before has been presented to our age and

generation—an opportunity of drawing class to class, of healing some of the gaping wounds in our social life, of using the gifts of wealth and culture bestowed upon us, in the highest sense of that grand old motto, *Noblesse oblige*. Not noblesse only, but strength, health, power, knowledge, leisure, every gift we hold carries with it its own solemn duties, and the call of duty is sounding loudly for many among us at this hour. “Come over and help us,” cry the children, who in spite of all we have done for them are perishing in our streets. “Come over and help us,” say the working men who see their need, and are themselves doing all they can to help. Shall we allow them to appeal in vain? Granted that it is just because we have done much that the need for more is felt to be so pressing. Do not let us allow that to stay our gifts—do not let us allow it to fill us with ungenerous fears about supplying the present urgent want, or hinder us from using all our powers to help on this grand movement. We cannot but believe that as in Nottingham so in other places, the voluntary helpers will readily be found. Much more of such work is done already than is generally supposed, and with knowledge of the need the numbers of these generous givers of the best of all gifts, themselves, will increase. And let all to whom the appeal comes, remember, that though individually we can help forward the movement we cannot stay it; though by our refusal to co-operate we may peril our own souls and slightly hinder it, we cannot stop it, for it is destined to work onward from its first small beginnings into ever grander, vaster proportions, and to bear good fruit for our nation through generations yet unborn.

AGNES C. MAITLAND.

OXFORD MEMORIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY YEARS IN THE CHURCH,"
"AGONY POINT," &c.

THE daily lectures, in which we could not fail to measure ourselves with certain of the best men of the colleges, now the best men of the day, I have always felt a great advantage, not only because we saw what they could do, but also because we know more nearly than we otherwise might what they could not do, and therefore we learnt the limits of the human understanding.

No doubt many a college lecture did seem at the time worth very little, especially when I happened to be well acquainted with the subject of it and because lectures were always at that hour in the morning when I was most eager to read. But that was unavoidable; lectures on the balance were most beneficial both socially and intellectually.

In speaking of university advantages, I would be understood to explain that it was not in one but in a combination of all the influences mentioned that the benefit consists; for many little points must concur to determine social advantages of any kind.

Again, all that is good and generous in youth is at Oxford for the time unalloyed by the sordid and money-getting cares of life. Men meet at college to improve not their circumstances but themselves. Some, it is true, are said to "read for the pot," for the return they may obtain in schools or in pupils—suing the Muses, like other ladies, rather for their fortunes than their charms. But those called "smugs" in my day formed a very small proportion, and are hardly to be counted against the usual disinterestedness of Oxford studies.

Nor, in estimating the benefits of Oxford, must we fail to observe that we must consider not only the good that there ensues, but the evil elsewhere that we avoid; an advantage which may fairly be set down in favour of a university education.

Suppose the case of a youth who has to pass his time from his eighteenth to his twenty-first year of his age in idleness at home, and as yet in no profession. Any man of the world would say that that youth was probably on the road to ruin, in mind, body and estate, unless he had the rare resources of one in twenty. "There goes young so-and-so," is the remark, "ringing the changes of amusement outdoor and within, pallied with satiety of balls and dissipations various." Of course all pleasure soon results in

no pleasure. As the taste fails for the dainties, so the interest flags for the sport. When the gentleman depends on his gun or his boat to get an appetite for his dinner, as much as the game-keeper or the boatman to get a dinner for his appetite, the latter has the advantage of the two; for where the man retires to grateful ease after his labours, the master dreads a return of vacuity and reverie. Besides, there is an instinct and a conscience to be useful. The mere idler can hardly look a man of sense and energy in the face. There are always busybodies to remind him that all expect him to be doing something like other people; so he meets more coolness than sympathy wherever he goes.

Again, suppose at the age for college the youth enters any office or house of business, what manner of men will be his companions, to form the style or the sentiments of the future man? If every college, as I have said, marks its own hue and tone and complexion on its students in this season so critical for the morals and the refinement of every man, what sort of models will surround him now? Think of the low clerks and vulgar people to whom in business a large part of his time must be daily devoted—the chicanery, the quibbling, the shuffling, with which, be he ever so honest, the sharp wit and blunt conscience of the litigious must tend to familiarize him. What shall we say of the sordid, the vindictive, and the selfish feelings with which a mind yet pure and unsuspecting is to be made prematurely conversant. Then the ways of the world, knowledge of human nature, shrewdness, wariness, and caution, are certain qualifications of a very mixed and alloyed character, and rather dangerous for youth to learn. Who is there that would not fear that three years of influence so baneful, and intercourse so chilling, might be fatal to that sentiment of honour and generosity which are the pride and ornament of manhood?

But as to the mind also, what will not be lost by this beginning of life? All previous instruction, even in the best of schools, would be stopped at the very point at which it begins to be serviceable. The classics are closed for ever. The newspaper, the novel, and the magazine, for the most part would mark the extent of his reading, and the depth of his understanding.

Attendance at college chapel at the time I am describing used to be rigorously enforced. A tutor lately advised a father to impress upon his son a voluntary observance of daily service in college chapel, if it were only for what he considered that it tended to—formation of character. I cannot but remember—however much we used to argue against so much chapel—that as the chapel gradually emptied of one set of men to fill with another, I could not but observe how faces became insensibly “sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought.”

As to serious and devotional feeling in college chapel, never shall I forget the deep and solemn silence of evening prayers the

day poor Surtees of Exeter, and that fine fellow Graham of Trinity, were drowned by the upsetting of Mother Hall's sailing-boat. It was the 29th of November. I know the day well, for the next was a Saint's day; so we were all in chapel.

I remember it well enough. My memory is rather accurate in these things, and can tell exactly how it happened; for there were some truths stranger than fiction connected with that story. It is forty years since I told the story, but it will bear repeating.*

A tale of death is a theme old and trite for the most part, but death in a college has features peculiarly its own. I was at a breakfast party in Trinity the same morning. Graham was there. He said he had sent down his scout's boy to engage a sailing-boat, as there was a good wind for going both up and down the river, and asked who would join? I was very fond of sculling, but not being a good swimmer, I never would risk a sail; for the boats used to be swamped nearly every day in the October term. Well, Surtees and Fortescue volunteered. Two other Trinity men, Lear and Tyler with Chaplin, a piscatorial friend of Magdalene, made up a second crew to start about the same time. The weather was very squally; and Edwards, I think it was, asked Graham if he could swim. "No, my boy—wish I could," was the reply; long remembered and much talked of afterwards. Just then an invitation was brought to Graham to dine with the vice-president.

The breakfast party broke up, and all the men went to lecture. Between one and two the crews met at Hall's boat-house. Graham had on a fine dreadnought jacket; but not content with this, he put on Billy Walter's thick north-wester over it, lighted his cigar, and began to get into his boat. The other crew then started; they carried but little sail. Graham, as usual, soon came after them, crowding all the canvas possible. He was very much used to every kind of boat on the Southampton water, but in the Isis there's no sea room. A hundred yards below the Cherwell he shot a-head, and cried out to Lear "A pretty deal you know about a boat, I don't think, farmer!" "Ah, old boy," was the reply, "but I can swim, and that's more than you can." This was said much below the Cherwell. Almost before the sound of those words had died away, Graham's boat had neared the willows, where came one tremendous gust, and his sail was swept flat on the water. All three jumped out. "At the same moment," said Tyler, "we were all but swamped, and had to take care of ourselves; but in a few seconds I looked out. The two men had disappeared, though I thought I saw one head above water. The hull was down, and we eagerly looked but looked in vain, to see if any man was clinging to the mast; as we shot past we stood ready to jump over-board should we see a trace of either of them, but the

* In "Recollections of College Days."

water was muddy, and we were borne along at a fearful pace, and ran aground on the tow-path side of the river. I leaped ashore, and saw Fortescue—the only one swimming—close to the bank; he spread his arms over the land, for the water was nearly level with it. We pulled him up, too weak to stand; and never shall I forget the horror-stricken tone and look with which he gasped out, 'They're drowned!' We ran up the bank, wading where it was flooded, calling for help, and Stephen Davis was at hand with drags wonderfully soon; but, oh! it seemed like hours to me. They had a surgeon at Hall's, but all too late! At the very hour which he had that morning engaged to spend with Mr. Short, an inquest was being held upon his body!"

They who know the habits and brotherly intimacies of college life, and how naturally sanguine is youth in health and strength and length of days, without a thought that the thread of the strongest, midst all its buoyant energy, can be snapped in a moment—they only know the shock, the consternation, and the sorrow, that by that time had touched the heart of many an old schoolfellow or bosom friend of one or both of the untimely dead in every college in Oxford. Many first heard of it in the strangest ways. Johnson burst into Hall's for a light for his cigar, and the first words he heard were from Hitchins, the surgeon, "Don't crowd the room, sir, we want as much air as possible," while nearly at the same moment Harrison, whom Graham had in training for the racing-boat, coming leisurely into the yard, saw some one look hard at him, stop, and say faintly, "They have done trying with poor Graham." Then Phillipson, who had messed with him at Winchester, had grown up together with him, half-year after half-year, and gone with him every vacation on Southampton water, but most urgently warned him against sailing at Oxford, he heard the sad tale as he was turning into Seckham's stables with a great coat over his pink, in full spirits from a hunt. He all but dropped off his horse. The very mention of Graham's name coupled with a sailing boat brought the truth home to his heart like one blow. Moore, I remember, ran off to tell Mr. Short, who felt more than common interest in Graham, and when he entered his room had hardly power to speak. Just about this time the men were coming into college from their walks or rides, two or three together; few reached their rooms without stopping to listen to what caused the several little clusters of men crowding round one of the tutors, it might be, or some one else with whom they were not usually familiar.

The first expression of every one was that of consternation, even to incredulity. "What, Graham!" said Welston, "it can't be. Why he was at Thucydides' lecture with me scarce three hours ago." "He breakfasted with me only this morning," said Hart. "I heard him order luncheon from the Buttery, at one o'clock," said Burney. In short, every one appeared to have

seen him so lately as to hope there had been no time for the work of death. Then again, Graham's known health, strength, and courage, all conspired to contradict the report. None could believe so fine a spirit could be so easily quenched; so every one was asking, "Is there no hope? Has Tuckwell been sent for? Can't he recover him? What! Graham that was picked for the University race? Are you sure it is not Graham of Wadham? Why, he is the best man on the river. Only yesterday Hall was saying the deal of canvas he could carry! He is the strongest fellow I ever knew," said many. I could not but observe we could not, all at once, leave off saying he *is*, not he *was*.

It is not without a struggle of the mind, as well as a revulsion of the heart, that the recent impressions of an everyday companion in the vigour of life give way to the full conviction that he has passed away—for ever gone—to be spoken of as one who *was* and to be told among the dead.

At dinner that day there was but a mere sprinkling of men in the hall; some were too shocked to leave their rooms, but remained two or three together, collecting every minute circumstance of what they had heard of the accident, with divers predictions before, or points of coincidence since. A little before seven, Moody, who had been a witness, came back to tell us of the verdict of the jury; and just then Tom Widdingham returned from shooting. You know, Tom and Towser, as he used to call poor Graham, were like brothers; he came stamping in, quite joyous, having bagged a pheasant, as he said, for a cosy supper—every one knew with whom—"but in the midst of life we are in death." He first gleaned the loss of his friend from an o'er true tale of a coroner's inquest on his body. "More gentlemen ordered out suppers last night," observed the Manciple, next morning, "than any day this term." True, but they were eaten in sadness and sorrow, in small and melancholy groups. For we feel on these awful occasions we do not like to remain alone; besides hours had passed before we had found an appetite. But at prayers that evening—it was that I was coming to. With what a different tone did the chapel bell seem to sound! I was sitting with Richards and Clark, and we were all three startled by it. "We must all go," said Clark, "it's surplice prayers—to-morrow's a Saint's day—no lecture." There could scarce have been, whether or not. How silently did all come down the staircases into the chapel quad that evening! but though seemingly silent, every man was talking in an undertone to some one; no one seemed quite alone, or if so, turning back to join one behind. And in the chapel what death-like gloom and depression prevailed. I always sat next Gunner; he was a Wykhamist, and introduced Graham to all his set.

This same man once remarked to me, "I have been reading Volney's works lately, they have almost shaken my faith." But, shaken or not, his faith was firm enough that 29th November's

chapel prayers, for it seemed to me I never saw a man pray so heart and soul before. Well, I thought, if all this has been asleep in you so long, and college chapel prayers at last so welcome, what may we not hope of the rest? One thing was certain; religious impressions seemed deep enough in all. Each could see his neighbour face to face; see the movement of the lips, and hear the whisper of his voice, and that, too, far more fervently than his custom was. If men did not come out and talk of what they felt, it was because they really felt. This was a most impressive lesson, and a college evening service was the occasion of it. Strange enough, though an express was sent off to his home, his father first read the news in the "Times" and posting off, arrived ready to drop with protracted agony of grief, fear, hope and suspense, at Hutchinson's Rooms, where he threw himself down, just saying faintly but affectionate, "I can bear it, is it all true?" Hutchinson's looks told more than his words. He pressed the old man's hand; then turned his head away, and hiding his face in the bottom of his cupboard, was just breaking off the neck of a bottle of sherry in his agitation and haste to stifle his own sobs and those of the poor father at the same time, when he heard, "No, no; I can't drink it. It would choke me just now. Take me to see my boy: I shall never rest till I have looked upon him dead."

Still, on went the routine of college life: for two days we talked only of his death. Then we heard reports of his relations, and what old friends were to attend the funeral. In every lecture chapel and hall, there was the place where poor Graham used to be: rumours were spread of a meeting of the Heads of houses to regulate sailing, while some talked of the loss to the racing boat of which Graham was the support.

The sublime and the ridiculous come near together, never more strikingly exemplified than in Graham's old schoolfellow, Frank Phillips' soliloquy:

"Poor Towser! (Graham's nick-name). Well, the many hours we have spent together! I thought we should be together—never could be parted all our lives—*our* lives! no, my life, I must now talk of—no one else. Graham, I, Wilkins and Gunner chummed together three years at Winchester—never were there three better fellows—Graham the best. We made a plum-pudding every Saturday night for Sunday—and we always boiled it in poor old Towser's night-cap."

Much information passed through the scouts, who reminded me very much of some of the truthful characters in Sir Walter Scott's more tragical sketches.

"Harry is his bed maker, isn't he?"

"Yes, he's always in for the luck of it."

"How many coats did they say?"

"Oh, ever so many, and trousers too. It's a good customer lost to Joy (the tailor). Cripps (the pastry-cook) does not like to send

in his bill for Mr. Short to see. He will have it, for sending such suppers into college."

"I'll be bound we shall see none of his clothes he was drowned in; they about the boats will look sharp enough after them."

"There will be plenty for Harry without that. There's all his glass and such like, and that he sold him out of Mr. Walker's rooms; so now he'll have it back again to sell to some one else—it's most £20 clothes and all will turn to."

"Ah! and better too. But Harry's sorry he's gone for all that; 'twould have come to more if he'd have lived out his term. He was a nice gentleman, and lived like a gentleman; and everybody is very sorry. There isn't the like of him about the water anywhere."

As to the amusements of University life, there was no football playing at either university in my day. Boating and cricket, with pigeon-shooting at Bossom's, near the river, were the principal amusements. The pigeon-shooting I have good cause to remember. One Mr. Marsh, of Christchurch, held his double-barrel so carelessly pointed towards me several times that I was induced to change my position, to the great amusement of his friends, when, after a while, bang went one barrel, missing by only a little the brim of his own hat.

In Boating, the bench of bishops was well represented. When Oxford beat Cambridge in 1829 at Henley, there were two embryo bishops in the boat: Bishops Selwyn and Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrew's. The Reverend T. Staniforth, of Christchurch College who rowed stroke in that race, writes that Hamilton, once Bishop of Salisbury and Pelham, now Bishop of Norwich, were in his crew. The cricket match between Winchester and Harrow was instituted by two bishops, the two Wordsworths—Wordsworth of St. Andrew's and his brother of Lincoln. Ryle, Bishop of Liverpool, shared with me the honour of instituting in 1836 the annual matches between Oxford and Cambridge.

The first of these matches was played in the month of June; in the same month was the first of the annual boat-races on the Thames. The course was from Westminster Bridge to Putney. The Oxford boat was steered by my old friend, the Rev. J. Davis, of Bath, who lately wrote "*The Life of John Russell*." Lord Sherbrooke rowed stroke of University College boat. Colonel Peard, Garibaldi's friend, who weighed fourteen stone at nineteen years of age, was a great help to the Exeter boat, which then claimed (doubtful) to have bumped Christchurch, and to be entitled to the honour of being the head of the river. H. B. Mayne, of Christchurch, was as good almost in the boat and in the cricket-field as he has since been at whist.

At this time we rowed in tub boats. There were no outriggers for some years. We used to think our boats very light, the planks being only about the thickness of a half-crown. As to the style

of rowing, it was an egregious mistake. The man who went back furthest and only recovered himself by a toe-strap, was reckoned the best form. Stephen Davis, who took care of the boats, a big strong man, trained all the crews in this style. No style could be more exhausting or less effective. Stephen Davis had one of the only two boat-houses on the river. Hall, on the further side of Folly Bridge, had also a dressing-room and let out boats, but no college had a boat-house, as now is the custom.

I remember a strange instance of aquatic inexperience in Iffley lock. The Jesus boat got fast and was sinking, from its bow being under a beam in the lock gate. All the crew went to the other end. Of course, the boat was a wreck; it opened flat like a red herring. Every plank was broken or strained.

Lane, of Queen's, a distinguished Etonian, said Stephen Davis was a humbug; his style was absurd; he could not row himself, much less teach it. So Lane was bold enough to train his own crew without any of the go-back form, but with a quick and lively stroke fairly well forward, the oar coming out as soon as straight with the rowlock. With this crew he bumped everything. Once he bumped two boats in the same race, and ended by being at the head of the river. I remember a supper in Lane's honour, and shall never forget the speech which he made. He took all the credit to the style of rowing, and said for the future the go-back style, good for nothing but to produce a strange entanglement in a man's interior, must be held to be the absurdity which it was. No one could attribute his success to mere strength of muscle, as he had by no means a heavy crew; "and as to training," he said, looking round, "why, there are three gentlemen here present who are anything but pure examples of morals or sobriety either."

A book not long since was published to prove, by the testimony of many who had been chosen for the University Race, that there was no kind of danger in such violent exercise. Any one who knows the extreme exhaustion, far beyond that from any other contest, to which men are reduced at the end of a hard boat-race, would prefer his own sense and observation to any number of such witnesses; those are picked men, men supposed to be exceptionally sound, and strong. But Lane's crew could tell a different story. Lane knew that my old friend Godfrey was a first-rate oar and very strong; but Godfrey had promised his father that he would not join the college boat, lest it should interfere with his reading. However, an application was made in the name of the crew to the father, and Godfrey was allowed to row for that term, and with grand results, two places (as aforesaid) gained in one race. The morning of the third race Godfrey felt the worse for the exertions. Strong arguments were adduced to persuade him to row, and at last it was agreed that Dr. Tuckwell should examine him and decide his fitness. The doctor said, very em-

phatically, "No." The same disappointment to a crew of Trinity was occasioned by a similar breakdown on the part of my good friend Knight. I could also name three of my own limited circle, who all said they feared they were the worse for life from college boat-racing. The truth is that while a man can sit on his thwarts he can still keep time and row, however feebly, though so exhausted that in a foot race he would drop.

Sailing on the Isis was very dangerous. Boats were to be seen swamped, and only the masts above water, continually. At last two men, Graham of Trinity and Surtees of Exeter, were drowned just above the "gut." This caused a consultation among the dons. A foul weather-flag was established, and other orders for safety enforced.

No boat but a sailing boat, at this time, was likely to be upset, but in 1859 outriggers were in common use, and very dangerous boats they are, but no practical regulations could be devised for safety, though there was a consultation on the subject, and Cox, the coroner, gave evidence that while there had been only fifteen lives lost in thirty years, nine of the fifteen had been lost in the nine years of these crank boats.

In 1843 two notable occurrences happened on the river. One was the death by drowning of two young men while bathing in the Sandford Lasher pool. Dr. Gaisford's son was sinking from cramp and exhaustion in the rough water of the Lasher, and Phillimore, younger son of the celebrated Dr. Phillimore, sank with his friend in a gallant attempt to save him. The Christchurch Cathedral has a monumental tablet, with an inscription by Dr. Gaisford, and you may see from the railway a spiral column of white marble, erected as a warning to others, near where the two friends were drowned.

The other notable event was that at the Henley Regatta, in Oxford against Cambridge, the ever-memorable seven-oar race—which was in this wise:

Oxford and Cambridge had both shown what they could do at Henley, and great hopes were entertained of victory for Oxford. But Fletcher Menzies, the stroke oar of the Oxford boat, had hay-fever. The doctor did not positively say he should not row, but in a race with the "Etona" just before he evidently was run too hard and finished weak. Still, the cry was, "Our stroke will be all right for to-morrow, so won't we walk away from the Cambridge."

"But next day," said Mr. Adams, author of "Wilton of Cuthbert's," "the town of Henley we found in great excitement." Rumours of all kinds were rife. Some said Oxford had drawn off; others that Cambridge refused to row. Some said the stewards had withheld the challenge cup; others that Cambridge were to have a "walk over."

Perplexity and doubt were on every face. The Oxonians, in their dark blues, were almost ready to tear their colours off.

It appeared that Mr. Menzies, who pulled the stroke oar, a place as being so essential to success, though ill the day before, had walked down to the boat-yard to take his place in the boat, and while waiting for the crew was taken ill—low diet and excitement culminating produced a sudden change; he fainted away, and was carried to the river.

Menzies' incapacity being now certain, the Oxonians began to consider what "emergency" they should select who could best take the stroke oar, and where to seat the new man. But then the question was raised, "Would the Cambridge allow any substitute?"

The terms of the regatta were that a list of each crew should be given in to the stewards, and that no one without this formality should be qualified to row.

Still, with the consent of the Cambridge crew, another man could be taken in. The question was, would they consent?

The Cambridge said as far as they were themselves concerned they would not object; but this was a public regatta—a great sporting match; lots of money had been laid; accidents of all kinds entered into betting calculations: for instance, a man might break an oar or a rowlock; a man might be ill half through the race; none of these accidents would prevent backers from winning or losing money. P.P. races—play or pay—were well known. The Oxford were the favourites; why should the friends of Cambridge lose their chance?

Well, the time had arrived for decision. The hour of starting approached, and it became known that the Cambridge had definitely refused to allow a substitute.

"Well," said a friend, "it is no good stopping here in a state of disgust, and to see those fellows row over the course, so let us be gone."

But just then some great excitement was apparent—a loud cheer was raised. What boat is that? Why, it is the Oxford jersey! Yes, and seven men only in the boat. Surely they do not mean, all lopsided—a new stroke and seven men to eight, with the rudder all against one side—with such odds, they surely do not mean ever to try to win."

"They do, though; and who knows? pluck wins," was the cry.

The Oxford crew, attended by a crowd of enthusiastic supporters, the bow oar's place vacant, now paddled down to the starting post. The Cambridge came afterwards, looking very perplexed and annoyed, and not knowing what to do. The stewards' boat being near, the captain said, "Gentlemen,—We protest against rowing this race. There are only seven men in the Oxford boat: there ought to be eight. We ought not to be required to row against an incomplete crew."

"Gentlemen," said one of the stewards, "time is nearly up; we should advise you to go down in time for the start, unless you mean to withdraw from the race altogether, for the Oxford boat

will start, and if it comes in first, we shall certainly award them the cup."

Thereupon the Cambridge turned round, and had a sharp row, rather beyond the pace they would desire, to the place of starting, and had not a long breathing time before the two crews had the signal to be off.

"Go it, Oxford. That's your sort, dark blue! Glorious! Hurrah! Well done, seven oars! Oar and oar still together! It's wonderful! They can't shake you off. Dark blue goes on ahead! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Such were the cries that resounded from a hundred voices; and again—

"It's wonderful! Seven oars wins!" "They hold their way now. The wind will help them past the corner if they can but round it! The rudder less against them—they'll win!"

Half the course had now been traversed. So far the boats had been partially sheltered by the opposite bank from a sharpish wind, blowing right across the stream. So far the weaker side of the Oxford boat had been helped by the rudder, which, of course, retarded the boat's way, and the Oxonians, by desperate and gallant exertions, could so far only just kept level with the Cantabs. But now the river was more exposed to the wind, and all in favour of the side with the three oars, and the rudder could now be seen almost straight, with little impeding backwater. The effect was seen in a moment. The dark blues began to steal away slowly but surely from the light blues. Presently the cry was, "They are clear ahead," and now, "They have taken their water. Well done! Give them the back water! Well done, Oxford!"

The race now was won—a mere procession to the end; recovery for Cambridge was impossible.

As to the excitement, as if all Henley were raving mad at once that greeted the landed crew, no words could tell.

For years after old Oxonians tremble as they tell of the feelings and the triumph of that happy hour.

Alderman Randall, afore-mentioned and characterized, made a chair of the timbers of the winning boat, and presented it, inscribed with the names of the famous crew, to the University barge, saved, I was happy to hear, from the late fire, which destroyed the barge.

As to Cricket fifty years since, the ground on Cowley Marsh had only recently been made by Mr. Walker, of Magdalen, and was called the Magdalen ground, in distinction from Bullingdon, which for many years had been the only University cricket ground. On Bullingdon, the Brasenose College had a ground distinct from that of the Bullingdon Club. Both of these grounds were more for feasting and tilting (for there was a Tilting club) than for cricket, the Magdalen ground alone deserving notice for real practice and play.

At this time professionals, either at the public schools or at the Universities, were almost unknown. Cowley used to supply some useful bowlers, but all underhand. Hoskings, Blucher, and Peter (short for Pieria Bancolari) were well-known names. Very fast and straight underhand bowling, my experience leads me to say, is better to give correct form and good defence in practice, for a beginner, than round-arm bowling. I have known such players, with very little practice against the round bowling, give their opponents a great deal of trouble.

At this time, Broadbridge and Lillywhite, who were the first round bowlers—as good, if not better, than any since—were at their best. “I bowl the best ball of any man in England,” said Lillywhite; and Mr. Harenc the next. Mr. Stenning, of Brighton, told me he once saw Broadbridge and Lillywhite bowl sixty-four balls without a run to Pilch and Wenman. Wenman was, though in a different style, almost as good as Pilch; and, as to Pilch, Hillyer—the best bowler next to Lillywhite—said he was more afraid of being hit by Pilch, when past his best, than by George Parr in his prime, and we have no professional now better, if as good, as George Parr.

I think I may say there were about six players in my time at Oxford who would be in the Eleven now. My standard of comparison is this:—The late Vice-Chancellor Giffard scored one hundred and five in one innings at Lord's against Harenc, Sir F. Bathurst, and other bowlers of the M.C.C. when the ground was by no means easy. The Rev. F. B. Wright and Payne, both Wykehamists, scored sixty each against Broadbridge and Lillywhite in a M.C.C. match, though they had not played against them before. Wordsworth, Popham (the late Francis Popham, of Littlecote), Price, Harenc, Fagge (who played under the name of Frederics), and Buller were just as likely to have done as much. My own average was double that of Giffard's in my last year, and Daubeney and one other scored as much as Giffard; so I say we had six, though not all in the Eleven at the same time, not to be denied now.

This match at Oxford against the M.C.C. with Broadbridge, Lillywhite, and Wenman at the wicket I well remember. Wright (the Rev. F. B.), father of Mr. F. V. Wright of the Oxford Eleven of 1865, had the same fame as a hard hitter as Mr. Thornton has now, though not quite his equal in this respect, but better as an all-round player. He went in second innings rather late—thirty being wanted to win—the field set far out for his hitting. Still he hit one for five just over the head of little Peter, who was fielding for Mr. Aislabie; Wright was stepping in and swiping to save the game, as the last bat was worth little. Wright was caught from an artful dropping ball from that most artful of all bowlers, Broadbridge, and the match was lost by thirteen runs. I said afterwards, “Peter, if you had been a foot

taller you would have caught that ball." "No, I shouldn't, sir," was the reply; "I was fielding for Mr. Aislabie (a Falstaff of twenty-stone), and he couldn't have caught nothing; why should I? No, sir, I wouldn't catch Mr. Wright out to please the Marylebone gentlemen nor nobody."

At this time the Wykehamists were the best players of the day. They showed the best style of batting, and were particularly famous for fielding. Their rush in to meet the ball, their clean scoop up and quick return were remarkable. At Winchester they used to qualify by practising till they could throw over a certain barn, a building in the neighbourhood, which required a first-rate throw. "The Wykehamists against the rest of the University" was for several years an annual match, and once the Wykehamists played, and won, a match—"The Wykehamists against the two Universities," at Lord's. One Eleven of the school against Eton and Harrow was long mentioned as the finest field ever seen—the same as was said nearly fifty years after of Mr. Game's Oxford Eleven. The School matches for 1825 were originally Eton and Harrow. There was much betting in those days. When Winchester first played, little was known of them, but when Price was seen bowling down a single stump repeatedly at Lord's the day before the match, the odds altered at once, and men were in a hurry to hedge.

At this time the only schools for cricket were truly schools—the public schools. For there, a good style of play became traditional, and few could learn it elsewhere. There were no professionals, save at Lord's, to teach the art, but there Caldecourt was a first-rate teacher. He and old Sparkes were about this time engaged at Cambridge, so the Magdalen ground knew few good players but public schoolmen—a limited number of course. Nets for practice were unknown; gloves and pads were only made to order and under special directions. I used to wear a pad on one ankle, and a few padded finger-stalls on one hand; one or two only of my friends had some such inventions of their own. So we could not guard our wickets, as now, against twisting balls with our legs—we were obliged to keep them out of the way. When I saw in 1836 Wenman wicket-keeping with a common leather glove on one hand it seemed strange, though Wenman's hands had not the work of players now. He rarely kept wicket in two matches the same week. When Lord Frederic Beauclerc first saw leggings he never imagined they would be allowed in a match—"so unfair to the bowler." This want of leggings necessitated the "draw" between legs and wicket, a very useful hit still, and only unsafe because men know not how to make it. This also will account no little for the longer scores of the present day.

And, lastly, instead of, as at present, a place in the Eleven defying all reading for the summer term, we had seven men either classmen or prizemen in the Eleven of 1836—the first of the

annual matches against Cambridge; the following men, known to fame, were all in the Eleven in my time:—Vice-Chancellor Giffard, Bishop Ryle and Wordsworth; Dr. Lee, Provost of Winchester; Canon Rawlinson and Charles Duke Yonge, Professor of History at Belfast, a well-known author.

It was a little after this that professional assistance became common, though earlier in 1830 I remember Sparkes with the Lansdowne and Bailey with the Kingscote clubs. A man as eminent as Fuller Pilch, though not of the M.C.C., would have a series of engagements to keep him in full practice in county matches, such as Hampshire, Kent, Sussex and Surrey, for these were the strongest counties, but not many men had regular practice; few even of the best county players had the constant practice of our professionals. The counties were reduced to select men who played more on their reputation than on their assured efficiency on any given day. The batting of the professionals was not likely to be strong, because, as Cobbett said to me, "We have no practice but in bowling; our batting must come of itself, except with Pilch and one or two others." This disadvantage, and not only inferiority of play, will account for the smaller scores of those days.

At this time (1832-6) little, if any, but the (then) new round-arm bowling was to be seen in the best matches, and not much of the old remained at Oxford, though Mr. Kirwan, with a kind of undetected jerk as fast as Freeman, if not faster, defied almost all comers at Cambridge; Brown, of Brighton, faster still than Kirwan, was playing at that time, his bruised hip and side after every match proving plainly, as he told my friend Cooke, that the umpires should have pronounced his bowling a jerk.

Whoever looks over the old score books will see "wides" scored from even the best bowlers. As to amateur bowlers, the wides were common indeed in the early days of round bowling. The rule then required an arm nearly horizontal, and this was an action clearly contrary to the nature of the muscles. A little higher you had full command. Caldecourt said of this little elevation of the hand, "if Lillywhite were not watched, as by country umpires, who thought what Lilly did must be right, he bowled a hundred times better than any man ever did bowl; it was cruel to see how he would rattle about either the knuckles or stumps." So with this cramped style of low bowling little accuracy could be expected but from a man who bowled almost daily, as for his livelihood. This rule of low delivery, however, was so frequently broken that the rule was altered about twenty years since, and a high hand was allowed, and now, so natural is the action, any man can learn to bowl straight. Wides are hardly expected, and wides never were expected and did not score in the days of the old underhand bowling till the ever-memorable single-wicket match, when, Osbaldeston being ill,

Lambert alone played and beat Lord F. Beauclerc and Hammond. For then Lambert bowled wides right and left to his lordship, and made him lose his temper, and then got his wicket.

BOADICEA.

I.

My daughter's wronged! Ye're mad!
Wronged! Know ye what ye say?
It is a lie: the God that rules above
Would never bear it!
They whom I love
Dearer than light of day—
It cannot be;
Ye would not dare it!

II.

Deny it, children, speak—
Tell me it is a lie!
Why are ye mute? O God, can it be true?
And I that prayed
To Thee—that slew
Whole troops of victims, ay,
Held nothing back,
Am thus repaid!

III.

O cowards! cowards! cowards!
Fiends in the form of men!
Than brutes more base, than senseless beasts more
vile—
Your time is spent!
Ye shall defile
This land no more, and then,
Ye hear me swear,
Ye shall repent!

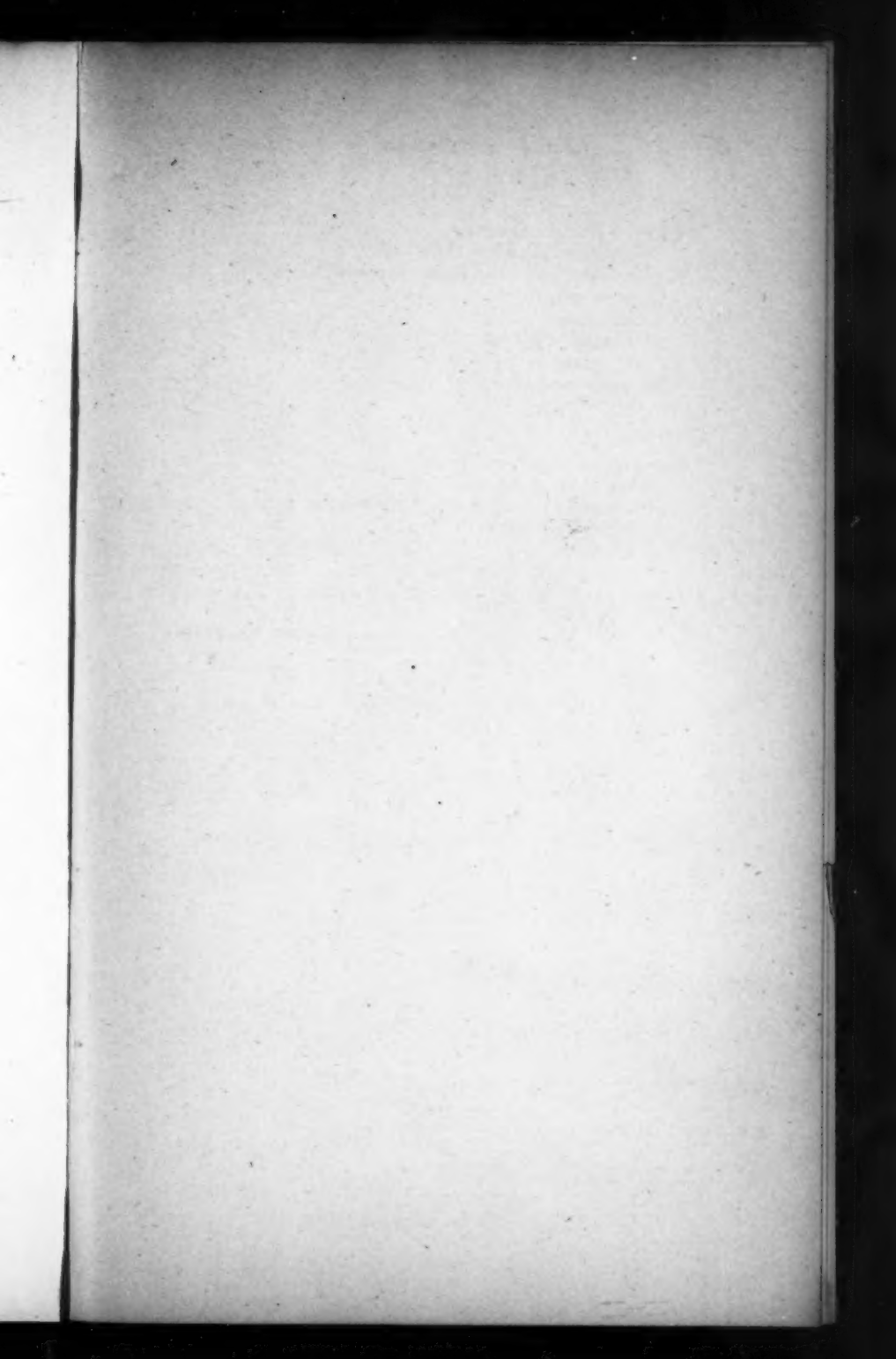
IV.

What! Was it not enough
To scourge a Queen? Like rain
The blood dripped down from ev'ry livid mark
Made by your rods!
O! if one spark
Of English fire remain,
Ye shall repent—
Ye and your gods!

V.

Now ye have done your worst:
Ye see that we can bear
E'en this and live. But when our hour is come,
As come it shall—
If of all Rome
Our eye in pity spare
Man, maid, or child—
We merit all!

E. E. BRADFORD, B.A. OXON.





"In vain did Mrs. Guildford look unutterable things on the few occasions that she succeeded in catching her daughter's eye; Marjorie was enjoying herself and meant to do so till the end of the evening."
[See "ON THE BRINK,"

ON THE BRINK.

NOTHING but knocking and ringing from morning to night. Kate, the pretty parlour-maid, had no sooner reached the bottom of the stairs on her way back to the kitchen than there was another ring at the door, but she answered each summons with unfailing good humour.

In the course of that and the preceding days, vehicles from most of the leading firms in town seemed to have driven up that quiet avenue, and discharged their contents at that red-brick house. The hall was so full of parcels, packing cases, and dressmaker's boxes that there was barely standing room in it. The very hats and coats upon the stand were in a state of siege.

The pretty drawing-room had been invaded by two large Philistine tables, which were laden with a heterogeneous mass of plate, pictures, ornaments, books and a chaos of fancy work.

Everything pointed to the fact that a wedding was to take place from the new old house with its regulation eighteenth-century high chimney-pieces and painted glass, and its regulation nineteenth-century gimcrack water pipes and door handles.

Two successive Sundays in the red church over the way the curate had plaintively published the banns of matrimony between "Adrian Eliot, bachelor, of the parish of St. Mammon's and Marjorie Guildford, of this parish," and the bride-elect, sitting at home on those two Sundays, had devoutly wished that some person would be obliging enough to declare some cause or just impediment why those two persons should not be joined in holy matrimony.

Not that the bride-elect was the victim of stony-hearted parents, or about to sacrifice herself in order to prop the falling fortunes of her house; not that she had been driven to take the step by any melodramatic pressure whatever, but there was a painful absence of spontaneity about the affair; nevertheless, it was one of those cases in which there is no compulsion only you must.

The Guildfords were a large family, seven girls. Mr. Guildford was a solicitor in good practice, and might be described as well off if his seven daughters had been seven sons, but when there are half a dozen girls to be educated, dressed, and taken about, a good deal of money is run through each year, and a good deal must be put by, or the half dozen futures become matters of anxiety.

"In vain did Mrs. Guildford look unutterable things on the few occasions that she succeeded in catching her daughter's eye; Marjorie was enjoying herself, and [sic] 'ON THE BRINK.'"

So it happened that Mr. Guildford, who was growing stout and gouty, and would fain have bought a pretty little place in the country, and rested from his labours, had to content himself with a Queen Anne residence in a London suburb, and had to start for the City every morning on the stroke of nine. No lad ever trudged more unwillingly to school than he to office, and he was not able to play truant now and then, nor even to let himself out early. He could have reconciled it to his conscience to do so, but his wife could not reconcile it to hers. She was a martyr to duty, and liked to see the rest of the household the same.

Mrs. Guildford had introduced her eldest daughter into society three years ago, and had married her very creditably at the end of a twelvemonth. Then came Marjorie's turn, but Mrs. Guildford had not great hopes of her daughter Marjorie. You see she was not preternaturally beautiful nor preternaturally gifted, she was only pretty, sweet-tempered, unaffected, and vivacious.

Whatever her shortcomings, Marjorie proved scarcely less apt than her elder sister at the art of coming, seeing, and conquering.

She liked wearing pretty dresses, enjoyed going to dances and garden parties, and found the theatre delightful, but after a time she got tired of constantly hearing references to her elder sister's early and happy marriage, containing, as they did, an unspoken injunction to go and do likewise.

Marjorie would have been quite willing to do likewise if the right person had appeared, but until then she could not see that there was any hurry. Mrs. Guildford did, though, and when Marjorie had had the field to herself for nearly two years, a marked falling-off in mamma's amiability and indulgence began to be observable, till, at last, she went so far as to point out that it was Marjorie's positive duty to choose between the two or three suitors who were sighing for her.

Marjorie flushed up, and said she did not care a pin for any of them, and did not know why she should be forced, at nineteen years of age, to marry the first comer.

Mrs. Guildford, who was nothing if not decorous, was much incensed at her daughter's coarse reading of her remonstrance, and answered freezingly that, of course, if Marjorie intended to sacrifice the happiness of her parents and the futures of her five sisters, there was not the slightest reason for her to think about settling for the next ten years, or indeed, at all.

That tone always roused Marjorie, and in the present instance she said a few bitter, pithy things that she afterwards regretted, and for which she had to ask pardon more than once.

In spite of her sound case against her mother's unreasonable demand, Marjorie's conscience felt a little uneasy as she reflected how very grown up her next sister was getting, and she could no longer feel light-hearted and joyous in undisputed possession of a field for which another member of the family was eligible in point

of age, but from which she was rigidly excluded by Mrs. Guildford, who had an insurmountable prejudice against having two girls "out" at once.

As fate, or ill-luck, or some other stony power would have it, very soon after Mrs. Guildford's plain speaking, Adrian Eliot, the least objectionable of Marjorie's admirers, formally asked her to become his wife.

Marjorie liked him as a friend, but would not have entertained the idea of him as a husband if he had happened to speak a fortnight earlier. Now, however, she positively dared not incur the responsibility of rejecting him decidedly; the most she could do was to avoid giving him an answer of any kind at the moment, but with the strict propriety and dutifulness of a perfectly sound heart to refer him to her parents.

To her dismay they urged his suit with even more warmth than he had done himself.

Marjorie told her mother plainly that such an engagement would be very different from what she could wish, that she did not love Mr. Eliot, and would infinitely rather live and die an old maid than marry him. Surely, mamma would not compel her to accept him?

Mrs. Guildford evaded the direct question by drawing an admission from Marjorie that there was no one she cared for more in the question. She then proceeded to overcome her objections with much worldly wisdom.

Down with illusions first!

The romantic love that novels twaddle about was the most sentimental and ephemeral thing in the world, and must be quite left out of the question by a sensible girl. The only love worthy of the name was a plant of slow growth, and sprang from simple esteem in the first instance.

Mr. Eliot was highly desirable from every point of view, and he loved her, which was the only important point. The prospect of the future offered her satisfied her parents perfectly, and supposing that she had to sacrifice her own inclinations just a little to meet their wishes, why, the chances of future happiness were so much the greater.

Marjorie was silenced if not convinced.

Two months passed away.

Mr. Eliot, being very much in love in a quiet way, was very agreeable and attentive. Marjorie's parents were affectionate, her friends kind; she found herself at a premium generally. She began to think that there was something in what her mother had said, for the sense that she had acted like a good girl, and made Adrian, and papa, and mamma, all happy at one stroke, put her on excellent terms with herself. She came to the conclusion that the reality of the engagement was by no means so bad as the anticipation.

When she had been engaged nearly three months, Mr. Eliot began to show the first glimpses of the seamy side of his character. He had many unquestionable virtues, but it leaked out that he had also one vice.

Now, on intimate acquaintance we are prepared to find wee holes in most characters, and indeed are not always inclined to censure them duly on doing so, but we are not prepared for them in all, and sometimes have no difficulty whatever in hating them.

Adrian Eliot was (if I may be permitted the expression) a starchy man—starchy both in outward appearance and character: one of those uncompromising persons who do not know what leniency towards human frailty means.

He was tall and well built. His hair and complexion were dark, his features good. He always wore an expression of severe respectability, indeed there was a general assumption of superiority about him which other men found irritating.

Undeniably good-looking as he was, Mr. Eliot flattered himself that his claims to superiority by no means rested solely on outward appearance, and it must be confessed that he had some strong moral points. If he did not fast twice in the week he went to church punctually once, and in many respects was not as other men are. He never used a great big D, he did not bet, he did not smoke, he never borrowed, he never lent; in fact he had but one redeeming vice—a Temper.

He had managed to keep his failing safely out of Marjorie's sight until one day she teased him a little about the cold formality with which he had just treated one of her best friends. She touched upon the subject lightly, and with a good deal of fun, but for all that Mr. Eliot turned pale, and glared at her with a very contemptuous expression.

The look startled Marjorie, but not wishing to let him see that he had it in his power to frighten her, she rattled off some nonsense, begging that he would be kind enough not to gobble her up, and telling him that a display of violent temper did not suit either his personal appearance or moral pretensions. Were such attacks frequent? She did not ask from impertinent curiosity, but because it was important that every Fatima should learn as much of her Bluebeard's peculiarities *before* marriage as possible.

Mr. Eliot, hyper-sensitive by nature, could ill brook anything like reproof or satire. Marjorie's words irritated him beyond measure. His revenge was subtle. Ignoring her remarks about himself he took the opportunity of making some severe strictures on her general conduct, informing her, with an air of judicial impartiality, that the pleasantry in which she allowed herself to indulge, though it made the unskilful laugh, could not but make the judicious grieve, and he really must beg her, in her own interest, to discontinue the practice.

Marjorie's only answer was a hearty laugh at the coolness of the demand.

It astonished and infuriated Mr. Eliot to see such a serious matter as his displeasure treated flippantly. He tried to conceal his rising anger by assuming a studied calm.

"The tone you adopt is perhaps traceable to an error of judgment. You may possibly imagine that the badinage with which you have just favoured me is wit."

"Oh dear no; it is like your criticism—only bad *humour*."

A withering glance was Mr. Eliot's reply. He left shortly after.

The result was a lover's quarrel, only it did not differ much from a hater's quarrel on Marjorie's side.

Mr. Eliot did not call for a whole fortnight. He even absented himself from a dance at the Guildfords', which certainly did mortify Marjorie, who had almost as great an objection as himself to being made ridiculous in the eyes of the world.

Of course she dressed with special care, and of course she danced oftener with the same person than an engaged girl ought to do.

That person was a Mr. Mowbray, whom Marjorie met for the first time. He was a young solicitor, and had lately gone into Mr. Guildford's office in order to see a little London practice before beginning business for himself in the country.

Marjorie liked his appearance and manners, but she was not so immensely struck with him as he was with her.

Diffidence was not Mr. Mowbray's leading characteristic, and he asked for an unreasonable allowance of dances. Marjorie, who was in rather a dangerous temper, did not refuse them.

In vain did Mrs. Guildford look unutterable things on the few occasions that she succeeded in catching her daughter's eye; Marjorie was enjoying herself, and meant to do so till the end of the evening.

The next morning Mrs. Guildford remonstrated seriously with her upon her conduct, and expressed herself equally displeased with Mr. Mowbray; she would take care that he was never asked to the house again.

Marjorie pleaded Mr. Eliot's neglect as her excuse, describing their disagreement in detail. When she knew all, Mrs. Guildford privately thought that Mr. Eliot had not behaved nicely in the matter; but, far from saying so, she bent all her energies to appeasing Marjorie, and making things smooth. She did not think Mr. Mowbray worth a second thought now she understood matters, and made no objection when Marjorie said that her father had told him they had tennis every Thursday afternoon, and he would spare him from the office whenever he liked to come.

The quarrel was made up. Mr. Eliot came to the house again as usual, and, his fit of ill-temper having blown over, was as much in love with Marjorie as before.

Mr. Mowbray also came frequently, and proved such a pleasant guest, and such a capital tennis player, that every one liked him, and he soon had the *entrée* to the houses of many of Marjorie's friends, so that she had many opportunities of meeting him.

Things went on smoothly until one day an officious mutual friend asked Mr. Eliot if it were true that the engagement between himself and Miss Guildford was at an end, and that there was an understanding between her and Mr. Mowbray.

Mr. Eliot was astonished and indignant to hear Marjorie's name coupled with this man's. He shook off the officious one, thought over the subject, saw things in a new light, and determined not to let a contemptible fellow like Mowbray come between him and the girl he loved; he went up to the Guildfords' next day on purpose to ask Marjorie to name an early date for their marriage. The suggestion was a shock to Marjorie, and she received it coldly. Mr. Eliot observed it, and it strengthened him in his purpose.

He knew that he had Mrs. Guildford upon his side. He spoke of his wish to her. It met with her cordial approval; she agreed with him that there was no reason why the marriage should not take place in a month or six weeks as he desired.

Now came a conflict for Marjorie.

She had not been happy in her engagement for some time past, ever since she had made Mr. Mowbray's acquaintance, in fact; but it had not galled her intolerably until Mr. Eliot pressed her to arrange for the marriage to take place in a few weeks.

At that moment she discovered that she loved—not him, but Frank Mowbray. That Mr. Mowbray loved her she had long known, and that she enjoyed being in his society more than that of any other man, Adrian not excepted; but until now she had not known that she had given her heart to him. She had believed that had there been no Adrian Eliot between them, she would never have consented to become Frank Mowbray's wife because of his position; he had his future to make; even under favourable circumstances he would only be able to fight his way to success slowly, and Marjorie was terribly afraid of poverty.

Why, then, did the thought of marrying any other man strike ice-chill to her heart?

Because it tore the veil from her eyes, because it showed her that she loved another. What she had been told was false was true. Love, such as poets sing, did exist, was in her own heart, and she had inspired it in another. She knew a voice that was sweetest music, a hand whose lightest touch thrilled her, a face that if she never looked on again would yet be before her always.

But he was poor and she was not free.

And if she had been free what would have awaited her in marrying him? For long years a struggle on an insufficient income, with all the ills that such a state of things brings in its train. A

little cheap house, cheap dresses, cheap amusements, no society, never-ending self-denials and annoyances.

On the other hand, the future to which she was drifting would be plain sailing in all these important particulars. All that wealth could do to make her happy would be done; then, too, everybody would be pleased with her, and kind to her in the one case, while they would be estranged from her in the other. Oh, it was clearly her duty to leave her own inclinations out of the question, and to let Adrian have his way. The sooner the thing was settled for ever the better—and yet—

And yet there was a chill sense of desolation and apprehension at her heart, a dread lest in thus choosing the material advantages she might be forfeiting all real happiness; a fear that when she came to find herself surrounded by the ease and luxury she coveted, the remembrance of the tremendous price she had paid for it might make it all worthless to her.

This conflict between her love and her prudence became sharper than ever during the last weeks of her engagement. Frank Mowbray knew what she was going through, and he made things harder by constantly entreating her to break off her engagement, late as it was in the day. While she was with him (and she was weak enough not to forbid his visits) it seemed to her that she must follow his advice, and free herself even at the eleventh hour, but the courage that his presence inspired vanished with it; left to herself, the old difficulties looked as insurmountable as ever; she had no heart to attempt to change the course of things.

This was the state of affairs on the Saturday morning on which our story opens. That day week was the date fixed for the marriage. The presents had arrived, most of the trousseau had come home, the cake was ordered, the guests invited.

Marjorie, determined not to let people see that she was being led to execution, endeavoured to assume something like gaiety, tried to make a show of being interested in the furniture of her new house, her presents, and so on.

The following day, Sunday—Marjorie's last Sunday of home and freedom—Mr. Eliot spent with the Guildfords as usual. To his annoyance, Frank Mowbray walked in in the afternoon.

Marjorie had not expected him, and felt uneasy at an encounter between the two men under the circumstances.

They were both on their guard usually, and always kept within the bounds of politeness, if they were never cordial; but they were too near the end of the game to be able to keep quite cool now. For the first time Mr. Eliot allowed himself to assume an air of triumph in the presence of his rival; for the first time Mr. Mowbray allowed himself to betray his aversion for Eliot. Both gentlemen were most impressive in their attentions to Marjorie.

Frank Mowbray had come up on purpose to get a few minutes' private conversation with her. Mr. Eliot divined his intention,

and set himself to thwart it. Marjorie felt that he was watching her as a cat watches a mouse, and plainly as Frank's eyes besought an interview, dared not grant one.

The position was too disagreeable to be endured the whole evening. At a few minutes to seven, Marjorie announced her intention of going to church. Mr. Eliot instantly announced his of accompanying her. Frank Mowbray, scowling at them both, said he should stay at home with Mr. Guildford.

Mr. Eliot, and indeed Marjorie too, hoped that he would leave before their return, but when Eliot went into the drawing-room about an hour later, he found the unwelcome guest still in conversation with his host. He had the grace to take his leave at once, however.

Mr. Eliot's face brightened. His rival had quitted the field, and that, without having had an opportunity of saying good-bye to Marjorie, who was upstairs taking off her things.

The triumph was a little premature.

Frank Mowbray had more energy and perseverance than Mr. Eliot gave him credit for. He took up his hat and went towards the hall door, but he remained standing there like a statue until he heard a light step on the stairs, and caught a glimpse of a cream-coloured dress.

He bounded upstairs the same instant, joined Marjorie in the middle of the staircase, lifted her hand to his lips, pressed a folded paper into it, and disappeared.

Marjorie was greatly startled. The letter she held in her hand at once frightened and delighted her. She ran up to her room with a beating heart, locked it unread in her dressing-case, and went down into the drawing-room. It seemed as if Mr. Eliot would never leave that night.

At last she found herself in her own room, secure from interruption till morning. She took out her letter and read it eagerly.

What were its contents that she turned white and trembled as she read? Why did she look up and gaze with bewildered eyes at her trunks and other signs of preparation for her wedding?

She was evidently greatly agitated. She struggled feebly against her feelings, but they conquered. As she thought of the future to which she had pledged herself, a feeling of positive horror seized her. She burst into a passion of tears.

The next morning Mrs. Guildford was struck with Marjorie's pallor and dejection. For the first time since the engagement her mother felt seriously uneasy — she had meant so well by Marjorie in doing her utmost to secure for her what she believed would prove a happy future; but to-day she was half inclined to doubt the wisdom of her conduct. How if that future should prove not happy or the very reverse of happy? Would she ever forgive herself her part in it? She felt very anxious about the matter, but the more she reflected the more impossible it seemed

to alter things now. She could only console herself with the hope that Marjorie might feel happier when the irrevocable step was taken.

Mr. Eliot was also uneasy. He could not forget Mr. Mowbray's open rudeness of the preceding night. Although he felt that it was absurd to attach any importance to such a trifle, considering that in less than a week Marjorie would be his wife, a certain provoking proverb about the possibility of a slip between the cup and lip haunted him, and caused him to run up to see Marjorie on the Monday morning, though he was expected to dinner in the evening.

As he was walking up the road in which the house stood, he saw Marjorie in the distance coming towards him. He himself was screened from view by the trees.

She stopped near a pillar box and drew a letter from her pocket. She looked at it a moment, gave a quick, nervous gaze around, and catching sight of an advancing form among the trees (though she did not recognise it as Mr. Eliot's), she raised a trembling hand to the aperture, and hastened indoors without a backward glance, and consequently all unconscious that her letter had fallen on to the ground instead of slipping down the aperture.

Mr. Eliot saw it and picked it up. He glanced casually at the address as he was putting it into the box. What he saw caused him to withdraw it instantly — "Frank Mowbray, Esq.," in Marjorie's handwriting.

He tore open the envelope with an ugly expression and read :

"DEAR FRANK,—Those few lines of yours have acted on me like magic. I have made up my mind to act as you wish. I am thankful to have been able to come to this resolution at all costs, for I feel that I should be happier with you in poverty than with Adrian Eliot and a million ; but I am a sad coward, dear Frank, and I don't believe I should have ever been able to make up my mind to run away with you if you had not got the licence and made every arrangement without consulting me. *I will be at the church you name to-morrow morning.* I love to think that this little letter will put an end to the dreadful suspense you say you are in. I write as early as ever I can for that reason, and also because I shall be in suspense until I can say to myself that the letter is in your hands. I quite understand your firm determination not to put in an appearance at the church at the time appointed unless you have my distinct promise to be there too, but it makes me foolishly nervous all the same. If you were not there I should just die of shame.

"If you come up to-night as you propose (but you had really better not, dearest), we must be *very* careful. Do not attempt to say a word to me in private, and be prepared for my trying to appear much colder to you than usual.

"Yours with my whole heart,

"MARJORIE."

Adrian Eliot read that letter twice.

His face grew ashen pale, but he did not give vent to his feelings in a single word. With quivering fingers he returned the letter to its envelope, and put it in his pocket, then with one venomous glance at the red house across the way, he turned back in the direction of town.

How to be revenged?

He was indignant beyond words with Marjorie, but to break off the engagement himself would be to make himself the laughing-stock of his acquaintance, for had he not a big houseful of furniture on his hands, and were not his friends bidden to the wedding? Besides, it would be playing into their hands. No, he would marry Marjorie next Saturday in the teeth of his rival, and his first act afterwards should be to horsewhip that gentleman.

He reflected how singularly fortune had just favoured him. He was in a position to prevent the all-important communication from reaching its destination, and if Mowbray did go up in the evening Marjorie would be cold as ice to him. He, not having received any answer, would not be at the church in the morning.

Excellent!

He knew Marjorie's high spirit well enough to be sure that she would never forgive such a humiliation.

He reached the Guildfords' just at dinner-time that evening, not caring to run the risk of a *tête-à-tête* in the drawing-room with Marjorie even for five minutes.

At dinner Marjorie was a trifle absent-minded, otherwise there was nothing striking in her conduct. Mr. Eliot, who was under strong, though suppressed, excitement, entertained the party with livelier conversation than usual.

When they went into the drawing-room, who should be sitting there but Frank Mowbray.

He made a pretence of having to consult Mr. Guildford upon a little matter of business, and afterwards took his place among the rest as a matter of course.

Mr. Eliot observed with satisfaction that he looked pale and worried, and that his eyes sought Marjorie's inquiringly more than once. She averted hers persistently. Beyond a cold "How do you do?" she did not say a word to him all the evening.

Mowbray was evidently deeply offended, and took his leave early.

He had got wet through in coming, and his coat had been sent down to the kitchen to be dried in company with Mr. Eliot's. He called over the banisters for it.

Kate, the parlour-maid—a young person who took a keen interest in all matters of a romantic nature, and was therefore a staunch partisan of his—brought it blushing and smiling, and helped him on with it.

For the first time Mr. Mowbray could not find a kindly word of thanks.

He felt very wretched as she closed the door behind him. He had no longer a shadow of hope. Marjorie's silence and cold avoidance of him convinced him that she had not only no intention of acting as he had entreated, but that she was offended by the suggestion. So be it, then! He would put that confounded licence into the fire the moment he got home, and the parson might cool his heels all day in the church as far as he was concerned.

He put his hand into his great-coat pocket for a cigar, but could not find the case. He took out some papers to make certain it was not there.

He could see the various documents pretty clearly by the light of a street lamp. Among them was a letter that he did not remember putting there. He stood a moment to examine it. It was addressed to him in Marjorie's handwriting, and the seal was broken, yet he could have sworn that the few notes Marjorie had ever written him were under lock and key at his chambers. He cast a hasty glance over the other envelopes. They were addressed to Adrian Eliot.

The maid had given him the wrong coat.

His heart began to beat thickly. He read the letter through, and was master of the situation in two minutes.

The sudden change from the certainty of failure to the certainty of success made him giddy, but collecting his energies he set himself to reflect on the wisest immediate course of action.

He had it!

That scoundrel Eliot should taste a little of the deceit he practised. He, Mowbray, would go back to the house and change the coats quietly, being careful to leave the letter where it was. He would be at church to-morrow as arranged, and he and Marjorie would leave it the happiest couple in the world.

As to Kate, the parlour-maid, Mr. Mowbray suspected that she knew more about the contents of her neighbour's pockets than was consistent with the strictest honour, but on this particular occasion he preferred tipping her with a five-pound note to reading her a lecture on the subject.

Mr. Eliot made a point of calling at the Guildfords' early the next afternoon. Mrs. Guildford came out to him in the hall; she was very pale, and held an open telegram in her hand.

"Read that," she said, forgetting the usual greeting.

"Marjorie Mowbray to Mrs. Guildford. Frank and I have just been married. You will understand it when you know all. Please send my boxes, which are already packed, to Victoria Station before three. Will write to-night."

A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

The Christmas log's ablaze, lad,
The sparks are flying low,
The children, with their merry ways,
Sit chatting in the glow.

The houseplace swept and bright, lad,
A bonny sight to see,
We're no so pinched and cramped, lad,
As once we used to be.

The children well and sonsy,
They're strong to do and dare,
The lads are going courting,
The girls are tall and fair.

El, me ! 'Tis all so blithesome,
And yet my heart is sair,
For, oh, my lad, I'm lonesome,
'Tis more than I can bear.

The tide so cold and grey, lad,
Is breaking on the shore,
The wave comes sobbing up the bay,
I hear the surges roar.

And when the lights are down, lad
And all the world asleep,
When every sound is hush'd, lad,
Except that moaning deep.

Then, lad, I see those storm-tossed waves,
The empty, shattered bark,
The bitter day, long years ago,
That left my life so dark.

When the Old Year, lad, is dying,
And they ring the New Year's chime,
I pray the Lord for that New Year
That comes in His good time.

We'll Christmas keep together then,
As in those happy years,
When, tho' the world went crooked, lad,
You kissed away the tears.

E. C.

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